

BURIAL OF BOOTH

DRAWER 13A

JOHN WILKES BOOTH

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The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln

Burial of John Wilkes Booth

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

THE DISPOSITION OF BOOTH'S BODY. *Washington, 23d.* It is nearly four weeks since a statement was made in this correspondence as to the disposition made of the body of the assassin John Wilkes Booth, which, since then, has been widely reported throughout the country and many times contradicted. Of the substantial truth of the main particulars there can be no doubt. It will not be very many days before the visitors to the Army Medical Museum in this city will be granted a view of the portion of the spinal vertebrae of the murderer through which the avenging bullet. The relic will be esteemed a most valuable one by those skilled in medical science, exhibiting as it does plainly the exact nature of the wound and demonstrating the intense agony in which Booth must have passed his long hours of lingering death. It is now in process of preparation at the Museum, and not yet accessible to the public. [Despatch to the Daily Advertiser.] 4/3/65

BOSTON ADV

Latest by Telegraph.

**A RICHMOND BANK NOT BOBBED BY THE
REBELS.**

THE GREAT CONSPIRACY.

PRES. JOHNSON CHEERED.

BOOTH'S BODY PUT IN OBSCURITY.

New York, 28th. The Commercial's Washington despatch says the vaults of the Farmers Bank in Richmond have been opened and the contents found to be undisturbed.

At a cabinet meeting today all international questions, likely to arise from the conspiracy alleged to have extensive ramifications, were considered.

President Johnson was loudly cheered today while passing through the streets.

Booth's body has been placed where it never will be seen by mortal eye again.

THE FUNERAL AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

Springfield, Ill., 28th. The time of the funeral of the late President Lincoln has been changed from Saturday, the 6th, to Thursday, May 4th.

BOOTH, THE ASSASSIN. *Washington, 28th.* The excitement of yesterday has subsided. It is thought that if Booth had been brought to the Navy Yard alive, nothing could have withstood the fury of the thousands there congregated. What disposition was made of Booth's body after the autopsy it is impossible to ascertain, but that a fitting disposal, in keeping with his ignominious career, was made, is certain. Harold today has given way to frequent fits of weeping.

Cincinnati, 28th. At a public meeting in Dayton yesterday, it was resolved that the body of Booth be taken to mid-ocean, and there buried.

Washington, 28th. Very great curiosity prevails as to the disposition to be made of Booth's body, but the authorities are not inclined to give his wretched carcass the honor of meeting the public gaze, and it will probably be deposited in whatever place promises the most utter obscurity. Yesterday a photographic view of the body was taken before it was removed from the monitor. It was then placed in an ordinary gray army blanket in which it was sewed up. A plain, coakot-shaped box measuring six feet by two had been previously made in a joiner's shop for the remains, but it was not used.

ANOTHER THEORY WITH REGARD TO BOOTH'S BODY. The mystery that still attaches to the place where Booth's body was deposited by the persons to whom it was committed, seems to be cleared up by the following in an article from the Washington Star, describing the old Penitentiary building in which the conspirators were confined: "A large hall passes through this wing of the building, at the end of which is a heavy iron gate, opening into a room intended originally as the dining-room, but which has originally been mostly used as a store room. A morbid interest attaches to this gloomy, sparsely-lighted, iron-warded store room, from the fact that popular report places under the brick flooring of its southern half all that remains mortal of the assassin Booth.

The Body of Wilkes Booth.

The Cincinnati Union, commenting on certain rumors concerning the death of Booth and the disposal of his body, makes the following statement, the facts of which the Union says, were received at the time from authority not to be doubted:

A few days before the body of Booth so mysteriously disappeared, our informant, a resident of New York and favorably known as a dramatic writer, was called upon after bank hours, to cash the draft of an undertaker, a near neighbor, who stated that he had received an order from the Booth family, to repair to Washington with a coffin, and there receive the body of John Wilkes Booth, which would be surrendered to him on their order, and to convey it North for burial. The undertaker said he would return and pass through New York with the body on Thursday evening or on Friday of the same week. 12 16. 1866

The morning after the undertaker left Washington, the report came by telegraph that the body had mysteriously disappeared—that it had been secretly buried—one report said in an old field, another in the penitentiary yard, and still another that it had been taken to sea and sunk.

The undertaker did not return to his family until some days had elapsed. He came from the North, but declined to give any information relative to the place where John Wilkes Booth, under another name, had been buried. Should it get out, he said, the grave would be violated and the body removed, and the family were naturally anxious that this should not be.

These facts, coming to us from the source they did, are more than sufficient to convince us, not only of the death of John Wilkes Booth, but that his body, with a pledge of secrecy freely given and fully kept, was given over to his family for burial, and that, except the undertaker and the relatives of Booth, no living being knows where the last remains of John Wilkes Booth are interred. No slab marks the last resting place of the assassin. The man who dug the grave knew not for whom it was intended, and in the burial permit was inserted a false name. In his unknown grave the assassin will lie until the grave gives up its sheeted dead, and all are called to judgment.

The Body of J. Wilkes Booth.

The Louisville (Ky.) *Courier* recently published the following paragraph:

"Wilkes Booth, whose body Secretary Stanton took so much pains to dispose of, so that no man should ever know the spot where it was buried, is reported to be in Europe. The story is that the man whom 'Boston Corbett' so heroically shot and whose body Stanton refused to exhibit to any one that ever saw Booth, was a poor wretch hired by the assassins to personate Booth in order to facilitate the escape of the latter. Whether there be or be not any truth in this story, it will never cease to be a suspicious circumstance connected with the facts of Wilkes Booth, that Stanton refused to deliver the body that was brought up from Virginia to his friends, or even to let them look upon it."

Upon this the Cincinnati *Union* comments:

"Dating a couple of months from the time that Booth, the assassin of Abraham Lincoln, was shot and killed by Boston Corbett, in the attempt to capture him, sensation stories like the above have been of frequent occurrence. Of course there is not a shadow of truth in the tale of Booth being still alive. The body was fully recognized as being that of Booth, and although tales were told about his being taken out to sea and sunk, and others about his being buried at midnight in an obscure place, by two men employed by the Government, and who were sworn to secrecy, yet facts known to but few, and carefully kept from the newspaper press, show that the body was given over to the relatives of Booth, and that it was buried either in New England or Canada.

The facts as we had them at the time on authority not to be doubted, are as follows:

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J. WILKES BOOTH.

THE ARRIVAL OF HIS REMAINS IN BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 16.—The remains of John Wilkes Booth, the assassin, which were removed from Washington on Monday afternoon, arrived here last evening. They were contained in a plain pine box, two Government blankets being wrapped about the person. The original box, which was much decayed, having been rotted by dampness, was exchanged for a plain coffin.

The remains were brought here as secretly as possible, and deposited at the wareroom of Mr. Woarvor. It became noised about that his body was here, and at an early hour this morning crowds of people began to assemble, all anxious to get a glimpse of the last mortal remains of the assassin. All were denied admission, however, until about 3 p. m., when the box was again opened and the body, or rather skeleton, was transferred to a splendid metallic coffin.

There was but little of the remains left, the flesh having all disappeared, leaving nought but a mass of blackened bones. Upon one foot was an old army shoe, and upon the other a boot cut open upon the top. This covered the left foot, the leg having been broken in his leap from the stage-box of the Educator after he had assassinated President Lincoln. The remainder of his dress consisted of a rough brown coat, black pants and vest, all of which were rotten and decayed. The hair all remained. During the afternoon hundreds of people visited the place, and some were allowed to view the remains. After a short time it was found that the curious crowds had cut the blankets almost to pieces to get souvenirs. Many persons also visited Baltimore Cemetery during the day, believing the Interment would be made there, but came away disappointed.

Mrs. Booth and her sons Edwin Booth and Junius Brutus Booth will arrive here to-morrow, when the body will be deposited in a vault at the Government Cemetery, and in a few days will be secretly interred, in the presence of the family, at Baltimore Cemetery, beside the remains of Junius Brutus Booth, the senior.

There seems a disposition on the part of many people here to get up a demonstration, but the relatives of Booth bitterly oppose anything of the sort, and have arranged to inter the remains secretly, as above stated. The presence of Booth's remains has been the topic of conversation among all classes here, and has been the sensation of the day.

A Southern Opinion of Booth.

From the Chronicle and Constitutionalist, (Agusta, Ga.,) we clip the following editorial, the good sense of which we recommend to the northern worshippers of J. Wilkes Booth:

The Chronicle and Constitutionalist has received, with a request for publication a copy of some verses written on the death of Booth. The author it is stated, is a prominent citizen of Springfield, Ill., and are founded on the report that Stanton, the secretary of war, ordered the remains of Booth to be taken to sea and to be thrown overboard in mid-ocean. We do not publish them for several reasons. One is that no one believes the silly story of Stanton and 'mid-ocean.' In 1866 or 1867 the body of Booth was delivered to his relatives by the government and interred in the place of their selection. Another is, that the lines are not good enough to warrant their reproduction unless for some special reason they were of interest. Another is, that we do not, and the people of the South do not sympathize with any attempt to canonize murderers or to make a martyr of a man who was merely an assassin. We fail to discover any patriotism in what he did. He committed a cruel act and he richly deserved to suffer the penalty of his crime. The true sons of the south fought with the sword of the soldier and not with the weapons of the assassin. From a lower and political point of view, the killing of Lincoln was a blunder as well as a crime for he was an amiable and kind hearted man, animated by a sincere love of the union, but without malice to any who fought against it. Having succeeded in crushing secession and restoring the union, he would not have sanctioned the adoption of harsh measure against the southern people. He was powerful enough with his party to have defeated proscription and reconstruction, and if his life had not been taken there is every reason to believe the southern people would not have endured many of the evils which they have been afflicted with since the termination of the war.—
July 10, 1877.

Story of the Identification of His Remains.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 21.—Lawrence Gardner, one of the prominent citizens of Washington, son of a former photographer here, has given the *Star* an interesting statement in regard to the remains of John Wilkes Booth. It is called out by the recent declarations that Booth was not really captured. Mr. Gardner says:

"Very early one morning the Assistant Secretary of War, Gen. Thomas J. Eckert, drove to my father's residence, and asked that he prepare at once to go with him to the navy yard on a secret mission. We had for two or three days previous been engaged in making photographs of the different prisoners who had been arrested as suspects in relation to the assassination of President Lincoln. I had been assisting my father, Alexander Gardner, and I accompanied him on that occasion. On the way up Capitol Hill Gen. Eckert informed us of the capture of Booth; stated that his body was then at the navy yard, and he also told us that they proposed placing it on board one of the monitors."

"After reaching the yard we were ferried out to the Monitor, which lay in the stream. On the vessel's deck on a carpenter's bench, and covered by a tarpaulin, lay the body of Booth. Shortly after reaching the Monitor we were joined by Surgeon General Barnes and one or two other medical officers. On board the boat, according to my recollection, were Baker, Chief of the Secret Service, and one or two of his prominent officers. On removing the tarpaulin from the body we were all struck by the lack of any resemblance to Booth. We had a number of photographs with us, and endeavored by comparison to find a likeness between the photographs and the body, but there was no resemblance. The hair was very black and the cheek bones quite prominent, and these were about the only things that gave it any semblance to the photograph. On the face was quite a growth of beard, probably that of a week or ten days, and it was evident from the features that there had been great bodily suffering. I had seen Booth but once in my life, and that was at the National Theater for a moment on the afternoon of the assassination, and I must say I could see but little resemblance to the man I met on that day. His face was very much freckled, a result of exposure."

"The object of my father's visit to the Monitor was photography, and the body in question was to be the subject. Did we take a picture? No. After everything had been prepared Gen. Eckert concluded that, inasmuch as there was so little likeness in the remains to the photograph in existence of Booth, perhaps it would be best not to make the picture, and the plan was abandoned for that reason."

"Was it Booth's body?"

"Of course it was. There could be no question about it. On one leg of the body was a cavalry boot and on the other foot an army shoe; the bootless leg was bandaged. It having been stated that Booth's initials were marked on one of his arms, I unbuttoned the shirt cuff on his left arm and displayed on the forearm the letters J. W. B., surrounded by a wreath of stars. That was sufficient testimony, but the conclusive evidence was uncovered by Dr. Frederick May. For some time previous to the assassination Dr. May had been treating Booth for a carbuncle, which was located on the lower part of his neck on the shoulder. At the time when this carbuncle was most painful Charlotte Cushman was playing *Mag Merriles* here, and Booth was one of the company. During one of the performances Charlotte struck Booth and spoiled the carbuncle. The result was a slow-healing wound. Dr. May described the appearance of this to Surgeon General Barnes, and when the garments were cut open the scar was found. That made the identification complete, and all those present were satisfied."

"I remained aboard the Monitor during the time of the post-mortem examination, and in the afternoon the remains were rolled in an army blanket and taken off in a small boat. The same afternoon we made a photograph of Hicord, who had been captured with Booth, and while the picture was being made he gave utterance to some remarks about the death of Booth, which show conclusively that he was present at the time of the shooting, and knew that the body on the forward part of the Monitor was that of John Wilkes Booth."

J. WILKES BOOTH'S BODY.

Rockford, Ill., April 1, 1880.
What was done with the body of J. Wilkes Booth, the murderer of our lamented President?
TRUMAN SWEET.

Answer.—John Wilkes Booth's body was originally buried in the grounds of the arsenal at Washington, under some willow trees, and the grave was unmarked, even by a mound. Very few people knew where it lay, and various stories of its disposition were current. In 1866 Edwin Booth, the actor, applied to President Johnson, through Mr. Weaver, the Sexton of Christ Church, Baltimore, for the possession of his brother's remains. An order was issued by the President directing the commandant at the arsenal to exhume and deliver the remains to Mr. Weaver, which was done in a very secret manner, for fear of public interference. The body was taken to a cemetery in Baltimore, where it was buried beside the elder Booth and other members of the family. The removal was not generally known for a long time afterward.

Booth's brain and heart, and some bones that were taken from his leg are on exhibition at the Army Medical Museum at Washington—the same building in which the assassination took place. The theater was taken by the government, and is the headquarters of the Medical Corps of the army.

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What became of Lincoln's murderers? The books are silent as to many of them. F. B. B. John Wilkes Booth was shot by Boston Corbett on April 25, 1865, near Bowling Green, Va., and died in a few hours. His accomplices were arrested and tried by a military court, consisting of Gen. David Hunter, Gen. Lewis Wallace, Gen. August V. Kautz, Gen. A. P. Howe, Gen. R. S. Foster, Gen. J. A. Ekin, Gen. T. M. Harris, Col. C. H. Tompkins and Col. D. R. Clendenin. Mrs. Surratt, Payne, Herold and Atzerodt were sentenced to death, and were hanged July 7, 1865; Dr. Mudd, Arnold and O'Loughlin were sentenced to be imprisoned for life, and Spangler was sentenced to be imprisoned for six years. These four men were taken to the Dry Tortugas, a military post in Florida, near Key West. There O'Loughlin died in a short time; the others were released by President Johnson. Dr. Mudd is still living in Baltimore; where the others are we do not know. John Surratt escaped and spent two years in Europe. On his return he was captured and tried as an accomplice before an ordinary criminal court. The jury disagreed, the prosecution decided not to try him again, and he was released.

1883

SAW BOOTH DISSECTED.

A Veteran of the War Talks of the Days
of April, 1865. (290

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 21.—Charles F. Lincoln has been for a long time janitor of the Twenty-second District School. He is popularly described as a "queer duck," though he is well-liked by all who know him. He was born in North Carolina and has just secured a government appointment at Washington. During the war Lincoln, who was a sailor almost from childhood, was quartermaster on the tug Saugus. After the fight at Fort Fisher the Monitor was compelled to start to Washington for repairs. Things were in such a critical state, however, that the boat with but one sound gun left steamed up the James and fought with that gun until Richmond fell. In Lincoln's own words his story is told:

"April 14, 1865, there was a great commotion in the yard at Washington where we were at anchor. In a moment President Lincoln came on board. I was ordered to do something.

"When he heard my name called, he said: 'Is your name Lincoln?'

"Yes," said I; "and is your name Lincoln, too?"

"It is, said he. 'Are you any relation of mine?' asked the President.

"I don't know," I replied; "but as everybody calls you uncle I guess you are my uncle, too."

"He laughed and said: 'I'll see you again in a few days.'

"He and his wife strolled about the vessel, and went direct to the theatre, where he was shot. We heard the news about 10 o'clock. We lay there at the wharf until toward the last of the month, when one night a closed carriage drove up and Payne, one of the assassins, came aboard. He appeared to be about 19 years of age, very tall, with dark hair closely cropped, and blood all over his clothes.

"Next night a steamer came up alongside us with about 25 members of the Second New York Light Cavalry on board. We prepared to receive their prisoners. The deck of the steamer was about six inches higher than the deck of the Monitor, which was painted the color of the water. The first prisoner, instead of stepping on our deck, stepped plump into the water. His hands were tied behind him and he went down like a stone. I took a lantern, and holding it between the vessels, caught him by the back of his neck as he came up and asked, 'What are you doing?' 'That's Herrold,' said someone. 'Who's Herrold?' I asked. 'Is he the fellow that writes for the New York Herald?' I didn't know who Herrold was and the soldiers laughed at the combination. Herrold was a handsome slender fellow of 19. Next a plank was placed across the chasm and Booth's body was slid across.

"I remember well how he looked. His nose was bruised and his hair pushed back above his forehead. His moustache was heavy and very black and there was a three-day's growth of beard on his face. One arm was naked and his left leg was wrapped in heavy brown paper. His clothing was carefully searched for money and papers. Even the paper was taken off his leg, which had turned black. He had on one boot and one shoe. The shoe was left lying on the deck and some days later was sold for \$3. We held the lanterns and the doctor cut off his head to trace the bullet through his neck. The body was next cut open lengthwise. The organs were all removed and examined and all put back except the heart, which was of abnormal size. This heart is on exhibition at Washington now. The body with the head was wrapped in a blanket and sent away in a boat. That was the last I saw of it. The sailors who took it ashore told me they lauded it at the old penitentiary, but did not see what was done with it."

How His Body Was Certainly Identified in Washington.

[From a MS. left by the late Dr. Frederick May, of Washington.]

Some time before the assassination of President Lincoln a fashionably dressed and remarkably handsome young man, accompanied by a friend, entered my office in Washington and introduced himself to me as Mr. Booth. After some ordinary conversation he told me that "he was playing an engagement with Miss Charlotte Cushman, and was much annoyed by a large lump on the back of his neck, which for some time past had been gradually increasing in size, and had begun to show above the collar line of his ordinary theatrical costume." He said "He wished to have it removed," and he particularly enjoined me to say (if questioned upon the fact of his having undergone a surgical operation) "that it was for the removal of a bullet from his neck." But he did not give any reason for this request. Without promising to observe this injunction, I examined his neck and found on the back of it, and rather on the left side, just a larger, shrouded lump, but which could have no connection with a bullet as to its origin, or in any other way. I advised its removal, but at the same time told him I would take it out on one condition, which was that he should suspend his engagement at the theater and observe absolute rest." He replied "He did not wish to do this; in fact, he could not." I then explained to him the importance of his remaining quiet after such an operation upon the ground of his personal appearance; that there were two principal ways by which a wound made by a surgical operation healed. The first, and most to be desired, by primary adhesion, by which, if the edges were brought closely together and kept in contact for some little time, they became directly united, and left so fine a line of cicatrix as scarcely to be noticed. But that this bond of union, daily becoming stronger, was weak for some days after the adhesion, and could easily be broken by undue violence; and if once broken, the wound would gape, and its edges not be likely to reunite; and then the space between them would have to fill up with new tissue or flesh, and an ugly scar would be left. After quietly listening to this explanation, he told me in a very decided way "he could not stop playing his engagement, but would be very careful in acting, and moderate his movements so as to make no strain upon the wound."

NECESSARY TO HUMOR HIM.

I saw it was necessary to humor him. There was so much determination in his manner as to convince me he had decided to have the offending object at once removed, and, whatever might be the result, he would himself become responsible for it. Compromising with him then upon that basis, I removed the lump. The wound perfectly united by the primary or direct process, and I congratulated him upon the slight scar that would be left. But in about a week after it had united, he came one morning to my office with the wound torn open and widely gaping, and told me that in some part of the piece he was playing with Miss Cushman she had to embrace him, and that she did so with so much force and so roughly that the wound opened under her grasp. The indirect and tedious course of healing by granulation now followed, and left a large and ugly scar.

Why I have been thus particular in giving the details of this conversation with Booth, the sequel will show.

I had never seen him before this professional interview, and I never saw him again after he left my care until I was called on by Government detectives to examine his dead body, brought to the navy yard at Washington, and there seen on a steamer in the river.

After the death of Booth strong doubt existed whether the body brought to the navy yard at Washington was that of the man who had assassinated the President. In fact, it was openly asserted it was not his body. Probably, in consequence of this, a commission of high functionaries of the Government was formed to obtain evidence as to its identification, and I received a summons to appear before it. As I was very busily, and, as I thought, more usefully, engaged in rendering services to the living than in examining the bodies of the dead, and as no authority for the summons was shown, I did not respond to it. But in a short time a second and more peremptory message came, directing me to appear before the commission; and as at the time the *Inter arma* *sum leges* power was in full force, I deemed it most prudent to obey. I therefore started for the Navy Yard with my son, then a mere lad, and now a practicing physician in this city. On my way a third messenger was met on his way to my house, who was no less than the Chief of the Detective Corps, the noted Col. Baker. He returned, conducted me on board the steamer, and ushered me into the cabin, where the Commissioners were in session, and by whom, notwithstanding my contumacy, I was very politely received. I was then told it had been stated to them I had removed a tumor from the neck of Booth, and they wished to know if I could identify the body; and to go on deck and examine it thoroughly and make my report. The body was

on deck, completely concealed by a tarpaulin cover, and Surgeon General Barnes and his assistants standing near it.

THERE WAS A BODY.

By his order the cover was removed, and to my great astonishment revealed a body in whose lineaments there was to me no resemblance of the man I had known in life! My surprise was so great I at once said to Gen. Barnes, "There is no resemblance in that corpse to Booth, nor can I believe it to be that of him." After looking at it for a few moments I asked, "Is there a scar upon the back of its neck?" He replied, "There is." I then said, "If that is the body of Booth let me describe the scar before it is seen by me," and did so as to its position, its size, and its general appearance so accurately as caused him to say: "You have described the scar as well as if you were looking at it, and it looks as you have described it, more like the cicatrix of a burn than that made by a surgical operation." The body being then turned, the back of the neck was examined, and my mark was unmistakably found by me upon it. And it being afterward, at my request, placed in a sitting position, standing and looking down upon it I was finally enabled to imperfectly recognize the features of Booth, but never in a human being had a greater change taken place, from the man whom I had seen in the vigor of life and health, as in that of the haggard corpse which was before me, in its yellow and discolored skin; its unkempt and matted hair, and its whole facial expression sunken and sharpened by the exposure and starvation it had undergone!

The right lower limb was greatly confused and perfectly black from a fracture of one of the long bones of the leg.

An autopsy was then made by the assistants of Gen. Barnes, which proved that the bullet which killed him had passed between two of the vertebrae of the neck, causing their fracture and lesion of the spinal chord.

The body was secretly, and at night, buried in the yard of the Penitentiary, which was not generally known for some time afterward.

I have thus given an account of the cause which led to the positive identification of the body of Booth.

"It will bother, neither wash on," wailed the negro in horror. "It is the blood of a murderer!"

Up hills almost without end, threading numberless ravines, the two plodded along, finally reaching the Potomac in the evening, only to find themselves three-fourths of a mile above the landing. The negro had taken the old road, while Lieut. Baker's command had returned on the newer and better road constructed by the Government during the war. When the corporal reached his company the officer in command, jealous that a mere detective should be placed in authority above him, refused to follow Baker, and said shortly: "If he wants to go off on the wrong road he must take the consequences."

Baker and the negro made the best of the situation by carrying Booth's body to the river and hiding it under a clump of willows, after which the former rode two miles around a hut and found his command and gunboat at the Government landing. He pulled back with two men to the old landing, secured the body, and when it was swung on board the gunboat he dropped exhausted on the deck and lay there until the boat had steamed half way to Washington.

THE BURIAL.

The next day he gave the Secretary of War a detailed account of the tragedy. Stanton had Booth's capsule, and it was found that the cartridge was out of position and could not be exploded. Its appearance showed a number of efforts had been made to discharge the weapon, and it is probable that soda snappers it repeatedly hit Baker as the latter stood before the old barn with the candle in his hand.

The Administration was in a quandary regarding the disposal of the assassin's body, which was still on board the gunboat. Washington was trembling with excitement, and contained a large and dangerous element of rebels and Southern sympathizers. The second day after Lieut. Baker's return Gen. Baker came to him and said: "Stanton wants me to dispose of Booth's body. He doesn't care where it is put, only so it will not be found until Gabriel blows his trumpet. I want you to go with me."

The two started for the navy yard, stopping on the way for a moment to consult with the officer in charge of the old Penitentiary, then used as an arsenal. At the navy yard the two cousins dropped into a rowboat, the body was taken on board, and a heavy ball and chain were conspicuously placed in the boat. It was then late in the afternoon. Crowds of people lined the river and followed the row-boat as far down the stream as the marshes would permit.

The story sprang from lip to lip that the body was to be weighted down with ball and chain and sunk in midstream. For several days thereafter searching parties dragged the stream, and the next issue of Frank Leslie's newspaper contained a singularly accurate full-page picture, showing the Bakers in the act of shoving the body in the river.

Two miles below the city the boat halted in a little cove near the grounds where condemned war horses were slaughtered, and remained until darkness had settled down. Then it was pulled slowly back to the old Penitentiary. A door at the water's edge was opened and the corpse carried to a criminal cell where the stone slab that covered the floor had been removed and a grave dug in the earth beneath. Into that black hole, with only the United States blanket as a winding-sheet, was lowered the body of J. Wilkes Booth, and the stone slab replaced above it.

Col. Conger afterward insisted that the command of the capturing party was turned over to him in Virginia, and claimed the hog's share of the reward. All the foundation there was for this claim was that Conger informed Baker during the search that he knew the way to the land well, and the latter replied: "Well, if you are familiar with the country, go ahead." However, Conger induced a corporal of the guard to testify that Baker had really turned over the command, and by a reward engineering eventually secured \$11,000 as the commander of the party, Lieut. Baker receiving only \$200.

[Fragment of longer article]

ANOTHER UNDERTAKER FOR BOOTH

SALEM O., Feb. 15.—That the body of John Wilkes Booth, assassin of Abraham Lincoln, was tossed into the Potomac river and not buried in the Booth family plot, is the belief of R. B. Thompson, a newspaper man of this city. Mr. Thompson bases his statement on the revelation of the secret made to him eight years ago by Captain E. W. Hillard, then commander of Tom Smith Post, G. A. R., Metropolis, Ill.

Captain Hillard, who died a few years ago, told Mr. Thompson that he and four privates of Sheridan's army reported for duty at the old Capitol prison in Washington one night a few weeks after the assassination, and in company with a surgeon and corporal, Booth's corpse, disfigured by burns, was removed from under a stone slab, wrapped in a tarpaulin and carried to a gunboat in waiting. The vessel dropped down the river ten miles and the assassin's body, weighted, was placed on a plank and shoved into the river.

All concerned were bound to profound secrecy, and Mr. Thompson says Captain Hillard told him the tale most reluctantly, having inadvertently given a clew at the time of President McKinley's death.

WHERE WILKES BOOTH LIES.

LIGHT ON THE CONTROVERSY OVER THE ASSASSIN'S END.

A Baltimore Undertaker Bears Witness to Transferring the Body Four Years After Death—Two Friends Identified It—Booth's Genius and Charm.

BALTIMORE, Md., Jan. 16.—The recent publications in THE SUN of Samuel Bland Arnold's version of the Lincoln conspiracy and the story of the flight of John H. Surratt, recall the famous controversy in regard to John Wilkes Booth's last resting place. At intervals newspapers have said that his body was sunk in the Potomac.

Capt. E. W. Hillard of Metropolis, Ill., recently told a story in which he asserted that he was one of four privates who carried the remains from the old Capitol prison in Washington, to a gunboat, which conveyed them about ten miles down the Potomac, where the body was sunk. This is emphatically denied by Henry W. Meers, an undertaker of this city.

"At the close of President Johnson's administration," said Mr. Meers a few days ago, "he granted a permit for the removal of the assassin's body. John A. Weaver removed the body to the building I am now occupying, and though it had been interred nearly four years, it was in a fairly good state of preservation."

"Prior to that time the Booth lot was in Baltimore Cemetery; then they secured the one in Greenmount Cemetery, where most of that illustrious family now sleep. Junius Brutus Booth and his wife, Mary Ann Booth, rest there. Since their interment other members of the family have been buried there. Dr. Joseph A. Booth, who died recently in New Jersey being the last. He was the youngest son of Junius Brutus Booth and the brother of Edwin Booth and of John Wilkes Booth, President Lincoln's assassin."

"I saw the body of John Wilkes Booth lowered into the grave, and for many years have had charge of the lot. While Edwin Booth was alive he evinced a desire to beautify it, and sent for me to arrange the details. Each grave was discussed, but when that of John Wilkes Booth attracted his attention he turned to me and said:

"Let it remain as it is—unmarked."

While John Wilkes Booth was the assassin of a President of the United States and brought down upon his head the condemnation of a patriotic nation, yet there are many features in his life which appeal to the intelligent classes of this land, and there are many interesting episodes of his career not generally known.

Baltimore enjoys the reputation of being the chief stage upon which Booth played his romantic part, and there are many residents of the Monumental City who treasure up reminiscences of his misguided genius.

Edward M. Alfriend of Richmond, Va., recently talked of Booth and among other things, had this to say of him:

"John Wilkes Booth once said to me: 'John Wilkes had the genius of my father, and was far more gifted than I. Many old actors who saw him in his last years, before his terrible and insane deed at Washington, have told me that they never saw so great a performance as he gave of *Richard III.* and other great parts. In Richmond he played under the name of John Wilkes, and never used his own name until his brother, Edwin, came to the city to play *Hamlet*."

"He then played *Hamlet* to his brother's *Brutus*, and his name was given in the bills. John Wilkes Booth. At the close of the play, the audience called for Edwin Wilkes."

Pointing to him, he said: 'I think he has done well, don't you?' From the audience came cries of 'Yes, Yes,' and thunders of applause."

John Wilkes Booth was a little taller than his brother Edwin, possessed, his intellectual and beautiful eyes, with great symmetry of feature, especially the forehead, and curly, black hair. He was as handsome as a Greek god. It is saying a good deal, but he was a much handsomer man than his brother Edwin. He possessed a voice very much like his brother's, melodious, sweet, full and strong, and was a consummate elocutionist.

He was a great admirer of those Greek and Roman characters that are deemed exponents of popular liberty and heroic patriotism. In this he went almost to radicalism. Of the Brutuses he was an especial admirer, and I shall never forget his recitation of *Brutus's* speech in 'Julius Caesar,' in defence of his share in the assassination, and with what force he rolled out the line:

"My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive."

"He said to me: 'Of all Shakespeare's characters I like *Brutus* the best, especially only *Lea*.' There is no doubt that his study of and meditation upon those characters had much to do with shaping that mental condition which induced his murder of President Lincoln."

"I was talking with Edwin Booth at The Players one day and I remarked to him, Mr. Booth, there is an incident in the nation's history to which I would like to allude.' He promptly comprehended, and replied with flashing eyes and a contraction of the lip. 'You mean that affair at Washington. I could not approve what he did—but he was my brother.' The last words were uttered with great emotion."

"It is an interesting fact that Edwin Booth never desisted from his patient and quiet endeavor to recover the body of John Will A. Booth until he delivered it to his mother in Maryland. Of John Wilkes Booth's burial there can be no doubt. John T. Ford, the Baltimore theatrical manager, and Charles B. Bishop, the comedian, both told me that they witnessed, for Edwin Booth, the exhuming of the body identified it and sent it to his mother. This should set at rest the persistent rumor that he is still alive."

"As to the dramatic genius of John Wilkes Booth, I can speak with professional authority. It was of the highest order, and had he lived his fame and success would have equalled that of his father. The father I never saw, but nearly every great actor from Edwin Forrest down to the present day I have seen and heard, and except Forrest and that brilliant erratic genius, Edwin Adams, John Wilkes Booth's genius exceeded them all. As I have said he was a great admirer of *Lea*. I don't think his genius would ever have made his rendering of the part equal to Forrest's, but he was an unequalled *Richard III.*, and would have made the greatest *Iago*, *Hamlet*, *Cassius*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Coriolanus*, *Charles Moor* and similar parts. In plays like 'The Taming of the Shrew' he had achieved distinction before he died. He acted with a brilliant dash and sweep that were irresistible."

"To women in such parts he was an imperious fascination. They idolized him. Lea and Booth's genius were not quite in harmony. He did not have the large physical proportions essential to a performance of the sublimest of Shakespeare's characters. Edwin Forrest did, and was the greatest *Lea* the stage has ever seen. Once in Philadelphia when going over with Mr. Forrest his 1873 edition of Shakespeare, I expressed to him my admiration of his *Lea*. Forrest's eyes flashed, and he said, 'Sir, I act *Hamlet*, but by—I am *Lea*.'"

"It is lamentable that through the insanity which led to the dark deed in Washington the genius of John Wilkes Booth was lost to the American stage. His star went out in the darkest night, and through a deed that cost the stricken South its best friend in the North, Abraham Lincoln."

"He alone could have stood at the end of the war as the pacificator between the North and the South, and the bullet which John Wilkes Booth robbed the South of his genius, his pluck, his noble and kindly heart, I believe that if the truth could be known John Wilkes Booth is the manly test his countrymen could not find in any other man."

The Sun.

WILLIAM M. LAFAYE

SUNDAY, JANUARY 18, 1903.

TRUE STORY OF THE BURIAL OF J. WILKES BOOTH

John T. Sullivan the actor, has made public for the first time through the Kansas City Journal the inside facts as to the burial of John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Abraham Lincoln. The occasion was the sensational story that a man claiming to be Booth had just died in Oklahoma.

"There is one man in the United States today, and only one," said Mr. Sullivan, "who could identify absolutely the body of Booth, and that man is John Matthews, assistant secretary of the Actors' Fund of New York. But there is no need of that, for the body of John Wilkes Booth now rests in the family lot of the Booths, in a Baltimore cemetery.

"Edwin Booth told me the true story of the burial of his brother's body, and I am now telling it for the first time in the world. Only his death could have unsealed my lips, and not even death, had not there been this occasion to call it forth.

"Wilkes Booth shot Lincoln on Good Friday night in Ford's theater, Washington.

"After the shooting, Booth met Harold at the pension office and they rode over Capitol hill and Long bridge to Surratsville, where he went on to Dr. Mudd's, three miles from Bryantown. The doctor set the broken leg for \$25. There a negro named Swan for \$5 showed them the road to Allen's Fresh. There they stayed with a Southern sympathizer, Samuel Cox. From thence they made their way first by boat on Methudy creek to King George court house and then to Garrett's farm, where they were surrounded in his barn by L. C. Baker, chief of the United States secret service, and his men.

"From Edwin Booth, who told me this, I had the conversation which there took place, and which he afterwards obtained from those who took part in the scene:

Baker—You must surrender. Give up your arms. We have fifty men. We give you five minutes.

Booth—Who are you and what do you want with us?

Baker—We have waited long enough. Surrender, or we will fire on the barn.

Booth—I'm a cripple—a one-legged man. Withdraw your force 100 yards from the door and I'll come. Give me a chance for my life, captain. I will never be taken alive.

Baker—We did not come here to fight, but to capture you. I say again, appear or the barn shall be fired.

Booth—(still invisible)—Well, then, boys, prepare a stretcher for me. (Then to Harold): You are a coward—go, go! I don't want you to stay. (To Baker): There's a man inside who wants to surrender.

Harold (rattling the door)—Let me out. I want to surrender.

Baker—Hand out your arms.

Harold—I haven't got any.

Baker—Where's the carbine you got at Lloyd's?

Booth—It's mine. He has no arms.

Harold put his hands through the door. Baker handcuffed him and gave him into the custody of Colonel E. J. Conger of Ohio, afterward congressman.

Booth—Captain, give me a chance. Draw off your men and I'll fight them singly. I could have killed you six times

tonight, but I believe you to be a brave man and would not murder you. Give a lame man a show.

"Colonel Conger slipped to the rear and put some loose straws through a crack and lit them. They burned rapidly. Booth could be seen behind the blaze—a magnificent creature, very much like his brother Edwin—leaning on a crutch, his carbine poised. Word was hastily passed around to fire no shot, as it would only be a moment and he would have to leave the building. As the fire increased Booth strode to the door, limping, opened it and burst through the flames with carbine raised to fire. A disobedient sergeant, with his eye at a knothole, fired on the figure, in the neck, and he fell in a heap. Booth's last words were, 'Tell—mother—and I die—for my country. I thought I did for the best.'

"Baker said: 'Booth, do I repeat correctly?' Booth nodded his head, saying frequently as he lay on the mattress Garrett's people brought out: 'Kill me—kill me.' Finally, at 5 a. m., he motioned that he wanted to see his hands; they were lifted up, but he could not see, or feel them; they were paralyzed. He said: 'Useless! Useless!'—the last words he ever uttered.

"His body was sewed up in an army blanket, and in a wagon was moved to Washington by Baker and Conger—just as Lincoln's body was moving in state across the country.

"Booth's body was exhibited to certain people in Washington, for purposes of identification—Edwin being taken from Philadelphia, practically under arrest, to identify it. Edwin C. Stanton turned the corpse over to Baker. When Baker was asked, years afterward: 'What did you do with Booth's body?' Baker's answer was: 'That is known only to one man beside myself. It is gone. I will not tell you where. The only man who knows is sworn to silence. Never till the great trumpeter comes shall the grave of Booth be discovered!'

"But the body was taken on the steamer Ide, April 27, down the Potomac. Colonel L. C. Baker and L. B. Baker, his nephew, a lieutenant of the New York Seventy-first volunteers, placed the body in a boat and the two went to an island twenty-seven miles from Washington and secretly buried it.

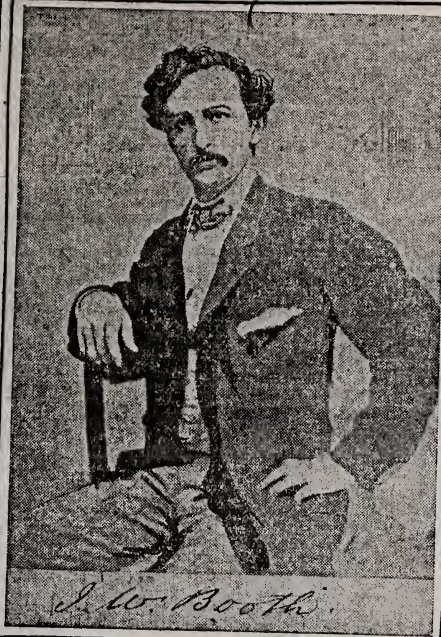
"The inquest was held in Washington, April 27. The body was identified by John Matthews and Harry Hawk, actors, now living. Also by Dr. May, who removed a tumor from Booth's neck in '64; by Dr. Barnes, surgeon general, United States army, who identified also a cut piece of spine where the bullet went through.

"It has always been supposed that Booth's body was interred beneath the flagstones in the court yard of the old district jail there—the same jail, by the way, in which J. Guiteau, the slayer of Garfield, was hanged.

"However, it was not buried there. That story was told to keep the public mind at peace.

"When some of the prejudice against the Booth family had died out, Edwin Booth obtained secret permission to disinter the body of his brother and to bury it properly in the family lot. He had this done, very quietly, of course, and without anyone being the wiser; the body of the unfortunate man was properly interred in Baltimore. There it is today, and Edwin Booth rests beside it.

BALTIMORE DOES NOT BELIEVE BOOTH STORY



John Wilkes Booth.

The above portrait of John Wilkes Booth was sent to California from Richmond shortly after the assassination in Washington. It was the property of a supporter of the Confederacy in this State, who kept its ownership secret, save to a few sympathizers with the lost cause. As far as is known, it is the only picture of the man who shot Lincoln that was ever brought to the coast.

People Familiar With the Case Declare That the Assassin of Lincoln Is Buried In Greenmount Cemetery.

BALTIMORE, Md., June 3.—In connection with the report from Enid, O. T., that John Wilkes Booth, assassin of President Lincoln, died there January 14 under the name of David E. George, it is declared by persons familiar with the case that there is no doubt whatever that

Booth's body is buried here in Greenmount Cemetery.

The body now lies buried in the Booth lot, but without any headstone or mark on the grave.

NEW YORK, June 3.—Clara Morris denies the report that she recently identified the body of "George" as Lincoln's assassin.

BURIAL OF BOOTH'S BODY.
John W. Porter
**G. L. Porter Tells of Disposal of the
Assassin's Corpse.**

In The New York Times of March 25 was a statement from Capt. Silas Owens regarding incidents that happened at Ford's theater at the time of the assault upon President Lincoln and a description of the burial of Booth's body in the cell of one of the buildings at the Washington arsenal. We are also informed that the captain had "settled down after eight years of sea adventure."

While not questioning the sincerity of the worthy and experienced mariner, I believe his statements differ from history and facts. His references to Laura Keane, "the dangling ropes" in the theater, the death of the president, are contradicted by reliable history, and the description of the burial of Booth's body in a cell at the arsenal is an absolute invention, which first appeared in Baker's United States Secret Service, page 508.

I speak thus positively of the matter, as I was the only commissioned officer present when the body was first secreted. It was subsequently several times transferred before President Johnson, in 1868, resigned it to Edwin Booth, with the proviso that no public ceremony attend its burial, and that no mound, monument, or other memorial mark its final resting place. Upon Thursday, April 27, 1865, in the afternoon, the body of Booth was brought from the Washington navy yard to the little summer house upon the Potomac front of the arsenal grounds, and at midnight was secreted by the military storekeeper and four enlisted men, who were considered trustworthy, and myself, the medical officer of the military post. We were ordered to keep our actions secret, and until the necessity for silence passed the order was obeyed.

In 1865 I was an assistant surgeon, United States army, on duty at the arsenal, and at that time of stress and suspicion, when confidence was almost destroyed and it was deemed unsafe to have orders copied by clerks and transmitted through official channels. I received by special messenger an autographic letter from the surgeon general, C. H. Crane, acting personally by direction of Secretary Stanton, ordering me to report to General Hartranft and to assume medical charge of the prisoners arrested for actual or suspected complicity with the conspiracy, and was the only person allowed to communicate with all the prisoners without witnesses. Many of the imaginary stories of Booth's burial mention my presence and, with impartiality and resignation, my early death. More frequently even than "Deacon" White have I been "killed," and, with him, accept the statement of Mark Twain that "such reports are generally greatly exaggerated."—George Loring Porter, M. D., in New York Times.

N.W. — Apr. 27, 1909.

J. WILKES BOOTH.

Dr. Porter Present When Murderer's Body Was Secreted.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

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GEORGE LORING PORTER, M. D.
Bridgeport, Conn., April 2, 1909.

BOOTH'S BODY IN POTOMAC WATERS SAYS VETERAN

The Newbury Republican

STORY OF MEMBER OF SHERIDAN'S
ARMY THAT REMAINS OF ASSAS-
SIN WERE UNEARTHED AT NIGHT,
WEIGHTED AND SUNK.

SALEM, O., Feb. 12.—That the body of John Wilkes Booth, assassin of Abraham Lincoln, was tossed into the Potomac river, and not buried in the Booth family plot is the belief of R. B. Thompson, a newspaper man of this city. Mr. Thompson bases his statement on the revelation of the secret made to him eight years ago by Capt. E. W. Hilliard, then commander of Tom Smith post, Grand Army of the Republic, Metropolis, Ill. Capt. Hilliard, who died a few years ago, told Mr. Thompson that he and four privates of Sheridan's army reported for duty at the old Capitol prison in Washington one night a few weeks after the assassination, and in company of a surgeon and corporal, Booth's corpse, disfigured by burns, was removed from under a stone slab, wrapped in a tarpaulin and carried to a gunboat in waiting. The vessel dropped down the river 10 miles and the assassin's body, weighted, was placed on a plank and shoved into the river. All concerned were bound to profound secrecy, and Mr. Thompson says Capt. Hilliard told him the tale most reluctantly, having inadvertently given a clue at the time of President McKinley's death.

BOOTH'S BODY IN THE POTOMAC

Capt. Hilliard Given as Authority
for Its Removal from Old Prison.

SALEM, Ohio, Feb. 12.—That the body of John Wilkes Booth, assassin of Abraham Lincoln, was tossed into the Potomac River, and not buried in the Booth family plot, is the belief of R. B. Thompson, a newspaper man of this city. Mr. Thompson bases his statement on the revelation of the secret made to him eight years ago by Captain E. W. Hilliard, then commander of Tom Smith Post, G. A. R., Metropolis, Ill.

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The vessel dropped down the river ten miles, and the assassin's body, weighted, was placed on a plank and shoved into the river. All concerned were bound to profound secrecy, and Mr. Thompson says Captain Hilliard told him the tale most reluctantly, having inadvertently given a clue at the time of President McKinley's death.

BOOTH'S CORPSE SUNK IN RIVER, IS NEW TALE

The Newbury Republican
Oregon Newspaper Man Tells of
Account Given by Army Cap-
tain, Who Says He Helped
Dispose of Body.

Story, if True, Disproves Accepted
Account of Burial in Family
Vault.

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BOOTH'S BODY NOT BURIED IN POTOMAC

Slayer of Lincoln Buried Under Flagstone in Arsenal

Later Coffin Was Exhumed and Taken to Booth Family Plot in Baltimore Cemetery — Interesting Claim Made By Fred A. Shaw.

It was forty-five years ago yesterday, on April 14, 1865, that Abraham Lincoln was assassinated at Washington, in Ford's theater, by John Wilkes Booth. The event was sittingly observed by Bartlett post, G. A. R., at its meeting last evening.

Fred A. Shaw read an interesting sketch of the martyred president, and related the details of the black Thursday and blacker Friday that followed the assassination. He also claimed that the body of Booth, instead of being buried in the waters of the Potomac, as believed by the general public and historians, was in reality buried under a flagstone in the arsenal at Washington. Four years later, in 1869, a relative of Booth went to President Andrew Johnson and secured from him a permit to exhume the body and remove it to the private family plot of the Booth family, in a cemetery at Baltimore, and this was done.

Mr. Shaw states that his authority for this statement is the editor of the National Tribune.

According to this story the body was placed in a boat and taken down the Potomac river. Crowds followed and a fog came down with the body still in the boat. This circumstance is responsible for the "historical fiction" that Booth's body was buried in the Potomac. But instead, General Baker, the head of the secret service, who was in the boat, ordered the boat turned back and the body was re-taken to Washington. Just why this was done Mr. Shaw does not know.

Times-Union, June 19, 1913.

BOOTH'S FIANCE BURIED UNESCORTED

Birmingham, Ala., June 19.—In a corner of a cemetery at Birmingham, Ala., practically unescorted, has been buried the body of Louise Wooster, the woman whose name will be handed down in history as the sweetheart of J. Wilkes Booth, who killed Abraham Lincoln.

Known as the "woman of many loves," the crowning affection of her life, however, was for the soulful-eyed, handsome, dashing, fiery tragedian whose deed shocked the whole world.

One of the last acts of this woman's

life was to publish an autobiography in which she bared the great love of her life and sought, courageously, to lift some of the stain which clings to Booth's name, by mitigating his deed.

To Louise Wooster, even to the last, Booth was a kindly and affectionate gentleman. To her he was an out-and-out unionist, to whom she attributes the assassination as an inspiration growing out of his belief that Lincoln, and Lincoln alone, was responsible for the terrific conflict just closed, and that once he was removed, strife would be ended.

DISPOSAL of the body of John Wilkes Booth, assassin of President Lincoln, was clearly set forth by Julia Taft Bayne in her book, "Tad Lincoln's Father."

Her brother, Dr. Charles Sabin Taft, was one of the surgeons who attended the President the night of the assassination.

"He was sure," wrote Mrs. Bayne, "that the wound was mortal. He knew Booth well and was one of those called to identify the body before it was buried under a stone slab in the old jail.

"I remember John Wilkes Booth as a handsome, jolly young man who would pull my curls.

"He was buried at night, my brother said. Afterward the body was given to Edwin Booth and now lies in an unmarked grave in a Baltimore cemetery."

• • • • •

THE ASSASSINATION

Atwater Tells of the Arrival of Booth's Body in the City of Washington.

Account of Henry Harrison Atwater, Brooklyn. He was at the Navy yard when Booth's body was placed on the Monitor, Montauk:

I was not in the theater on the evening of April 14, 1865, but was in my room in the Navy Yard, where I was stationed, when at eleven p. m., m. I was called up by Mr. Maynard at the War Department Office and informed that President Lincoln had been shot at Ford's theater. I ran to give the information to Commodore Montgomery at his house, and met the Commodore as he was entering the yard and conveyed the information.

He replied: "I guess that is a mistake, for I have just come from uptown and heard nothing of it." I told him that it had just occurred and returned to my quarters. After one o'clock, April 15, the following message passed over the wires:

War Department,
April 15,

To Brigadier General Barnes,

Point Lookout Md.,
Stop all vessels going down the river and hold all persons on them till further orders—an attempt has been made tonight to assassinate the President and Secretary of State. Hold all persons leaving Washington.

Signed—H. W. Halleck,
Major General, Chief of Staff.
Navy Yard, Washington,
April 15, 1:15 A. M.

To S. Nickerson, Acting Vol. Lieut.:—
Send the fastest vessel you have with the following message to Commander Parker.

Signed, T. H. Eastman,
Lt. Commander Potomac Flotilla
Navy Yard, Washington,
April 15, 1865, 1:15 A. M.

To Commander Parker:—
An attempt has this evening been made to assassinate the President and Secretary Seward. The President was shot through the head and Sec'y Seward had his throat cut in his own house. Both are in a very dangerous condition. No further particulars. There is great excitement here.

Signed, T. H. Eastman
Lt. Com. U. S. Pot. Flotilla.
War Department, April 15, 1865
2:15 A. M.

To Navy Office:—

Remain on duty all night unless permission is given to close. Answer

Signed, Thos. T. Eckert,
Maj. & A. Q. M.
War Department, April 15, 1865,
2:20 P. M.

To Col. Jacob Zeilin, Comdg. Marion Barracks:—

Have extra strong and careful guard ready for special service if called for by Commodore Montgomery.

Signed, Gideon Welles,
Secretary of Navy.

It should be borne in mind that as yet how far the conspiracy extended was unknown, and it was feared that an attempt might be made to release the prisoners when caught. That night, April 15, Payne, the accomplice of Booth, was brought to the Navy Yard and placed on a monitor which was anchored out in the stream according to instructions.

My wife ran down the river to Point Lookout, via. St. Ingoes, the route taken by Booth and Herold, and many telegrams were sent in relation to their capture. About twelve days after the assassination Booth was shot, and shortly afterwards his body was brought to the Navy Yard and placed on the monitor Montauk, where I saw it covered with a cloth.

That evening it was taken on a tug or launch to the arsenal and placed for the night in a room where empty shell boxes had been thrown. This was about dusk and after the workmen had left the arsenal yard. This information was given me that evening by Henry Bishop, the operator stationed at the arsenal yard, who was standing on the pier when the launch arrived with the body.

The next morning the papers had it that Booth's body was taken down the Potomac to be thrown into the ocean. This was probably done to mislead the public as to its disposition.

While Payne was confined in the Monitor, Miss Seward, daughter of the Secretary, escorted by General Hardin, my old commander at Fort Reno, came down to identify Payne, who, it will be remembered, rushed past her and into Secretary Seward's room, where he committed the murderous deed.

Booth's Body on Montauk Seen by Henry H. Atwater

BY HENRY HARRISON ATWATER,
Who Was at the Navy Yard When
Booth's Body Was Placed on the
Monitor Montauk.

I WAS not in the theater on the evening of April 14, 1865, but was in my room in the navy yard, where I was stationed, when about 11 p. m. I was called up by Mr. Maynard at the War Department office and informed that President Lincoln had been shot at Ford's Theater. I ran to give the information to Commodore Montgomery at his house, and met the commodore as he was entering the yard and conveyed the information.

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Trying to Catch Assassin.

War Department, April 15.
To Brig. Gen. Barnes, Point Lookout,
Md.

Stop all vessels going down the river and hold all persons on them till further orders. An attempt has been made tonight to assassinate the President and the Secretary of State. Hold all persons leaving Washington.

(Signed) H. W. HALLECK,
Major General Chief of Staff,
Navy Yard, Washington,

April 15, 1:10 a. m.
To S. Nickerson, Acting Vol. Lieut.:
Send the fastest vessel you have with the following message to Comdr. Parker.

(Signed) T. H. EASTMAN,
Lieut. Comdr. Potomac Flotilla,
Navy Yard, Washington,

April 15, 1865, 1:15 a. m.
To Comdr. Parker:

An attempt has this evening been made to assassinate the President and Secretary Seward. The President was shot through the head and Secretary Seward had his throat cut in his own house. Both are in a very dangerous condition. No further particulars. There is great excitement here.

(Signed) T. H. EASTMAN,
Lieut. Comdr. U. S. Potomac Flotilla,
War Dept., April 15, 1865, 2:20 p. m.

To Navy Office:
Remain on duty all night unless permission is given to close. Answer.

(Signed) THOS. T. ECKERT,
Major and A. Q. M.

War Dept., April 15, 1865, 2:30 p. m.
To Col. Jacob Zeilin, commanding Marine Barracks:

Have extra strong and careful guard ready for special service if called for by Commodore Montgomery.

(Signed) GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of Navy.

It should be borne in mind that as yet how far the conspiracy extended was unknown, and it was feared that an attempt might be made to release the prisoners when caught. That night, April 15, Payne, the accomplice of Booth, was brought to the navy yard and placed on a monitor which was anchored out in the stream according to instructions.

My wire ran down the river to Point Lookout, via St. Ingers, the route taken by Booth and Herold, and many tele-

grams were sent in relation to their capture. About twelve days after the assassination Booth was shot, and shortly afterward his body was brought to the navy yard and placed on the monitor Montauk, where I saw it covered with a cloth.

Where Booth's Body Lay.

That evening it was taken on a tug or launch to the arsenal and placed for the night in a room where empty shell boxes had been thrown. This was about dusk, and after the workmen had left the arsenal yard. This information was given me that evening by Henry Bishop, the operator stationed at the arsenal yard, who was standing on the pier when the launch arrived with the body. The next morning the papers had it that Booth's body was taken down the Potomac to be thrown into the ocean. This probably was done to mislead the public as to its disposition.

While Payne was confined on the monitor Miss Seward, daughter of the Secretary, escorted by Gen. Hardin, my old commander at Fort Reno, came down to identify Payne, who, it will be remembered, rushed past her and into Secretary Seward's room, where he committed the murderous deed.

Gloom at War Office

BY GEORGE A. LOW, SR.

Who Was With Maj. Eckert When He
Got the News.

ON the night of the 14th of April, 1865, I left the War Department about 8:30 or 9 for my third-story back room at Maj. Eckert's house, in Thirteenth street. George C. Maynard was my roommate, and, if my memory serves me right, David H. Bates and Albert Chandler had the front room on the same floor.

I was not feeling well, and had been relieved early, and I either accompanied Maj. Eckert home or we both arrived there about the same time. I had gone to my room and was partly undressed when a messenger arrived in great haste with the startling intelligence that President Lincoln had been shot.

I can call to mind the hasty departure of the major and the intense grief of his estimable wife as she came to my room door and repeated the sad news.

My first impulse was to don my clothes and go to the telegraph office, where I knew I should be needed, but her appeal that I should stay in the house, as she was alone, prevailed, and I did not go to the War Department until between 5 and 6 in the morning.

I can never forget the gloom and the saddened faces of my comrades as I entered. Mr. Bates was at the first table, and Dwight, now long dead, at the next, Maynard, Chandler and Laird were at other wires. The latest bulletin from Secretary Stanton, addressed to Maj. Gen. Dix for distribution to the press of the country, which had been transmitted to New York about the time I reached the telegraph office, told us that Mr. Lincoln was still alive, but sinking rapidly, and about 7:30 we heard of his death.

True Story of John Wilkes Booth's Death and Burial

Today there are fully fifty theories concerning the disposition of the body of J. Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Abraham Lincoln. Not a newspaper of any prominence in the land but has received private information showing conclusively that Booth is still alive and living comfortably and quietly in any one of a dozen cities—Louisville, Denver, San Francisco, Albuquerque, New Orleans, or Montreal.

In a cemetery, at least, the officials will point out his grave and assure you that below the unmarked mound lies Booth. Surely, of this mass of theory it would be difficult to make a choice, and so for nearly fifty years the mystery has deepened because the true secret of the burial has been well kept—and is now to be revealed. The marked grave holds no body, but marked grave holds no body, but some ten feet away from the indicated spot, in a wholly neglected portion of the burial plot, all that remains of J. Wilkes Booth is sleeping the long sleep that knows no waking. Here is the story of living witnesses to the midnight burial of Lincoln's assassin:

Although there are 90,000,000 people in the United States, not 500 could tell you what became of the body of the assassin of Abraham Lincoln. Some will tell you that the body of John Wilkes Booth was burned to ashes in the Virginia barn in which he was captured. Others will express the opinion that the remains of the misguided actor were cut to pieces and mysteriously dropped into the sea. Then, to add interest to the mystery, some one will claim to have positive information that Wilkes Booth is still alive, and living under an assumed name in one of the southern states. One strange story is to the effect that Booth assumed the name of J. W. Bickford, of Pittsburg, and that he confided to his roommate in Lexington, Ky., during the months of January and February, 1869, that he was the assassin of Abraham Lincoln, says Edward Freiberger in the Washington (D. C.) Star.

The body of John Wilkes Booth was not burned to ashes in the Virginia barn nor consigned to a watery grave in the Atlantic ocean, but it was buried with great secrecy in the presence of at least a dozen witnesses, of whom two are still alive in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, Md.

The body rests within the same inclosure that contains the graves of illustrious father and patient mother, as well as other members of the Booth family.

It was natural that the burial could not take place with the great American public looking on at midday with tear-stained eyes. The body was not consigned to its final resting place until nearly four years after the greatest and saddest tragedy in the history of the nation.

First of all let us remember that John Wilkes Booth—who was born on a farm in Hartford county, Md., near Baltimore in 1839, and who had made his debut on the stage as Richmond in "Richard III" at the St. Charles Theater, Baltimore—shot President Lincoln at Ford's Theater, Washington, at 10:20 o'clock, on Friday even-

ing, April 14, 1865; that the president was carried from the theater to the house of William Peterson, 453 Tenth street (now 516), and that he passed away there at 7:22 o'clock the following morning, April 15, 1865.

Booth had entered the theater just as the third act of "Our American Cousin" had begun, the star of the evening being Miss Laura Keane. Booth escaped was finally tracked to a barn belonging to a man named Garrett, near the town of Bowling Green, Caroline county, Va. His pursuers were 28 men of the Sixteenth New York cavalry, under Lieut. Col. Everton J. Conger, of Ohio. After Booth had refused to surrender, the barn was set on fire by Col. Conger, who lighted a rope of straw and thrust it inside the barn on top of a little pile of hay in a corner.

Although Booth knew that either death or surrender was inevitable, he obstinately refused to come out of the for his leg had been injured while barn, and, leaning upon his crutch—jumping from the president's box to the stage of the theater—was in the act of taking aim at one of the pursuing soldiers, who was stationed so near as to command every point of observation, when Lieut. Dougherty, seeing Booth's move, ordered Sergt. Boston Corbett to fire on Booth which he did with a large cavalry pistol. The bullet entered Booth's head just below the right ear and came out about an inch above the left ear. After two and a quarter hours of intense agony Booth passed away. He had received the fatal shot at 3:15 o'clock of the morning of Wednesday, April 26, 1865.

Only five weeks previous, on March 18, 1865, he had made his last appearance as an actor at Ford's Theater, Washington, in the role of Pescara in "The Apostate," for the benefit of John McCullough.

Booth had not had a moment's peace from the time he had shot the President. He was heard to mutter: "Tell my mother I died for my country, and—" the voice sank into a whisper, so that the officers were compelled to bend down in order to hear him whisper: "I did what I thought was best." His arms lay useless by his side. Unable to use them, he asked that they be raised. The officers lifted them up. He looked at his hands, and as they were laid down he faintly spoke his last words: "Useless! Useless!"

Booth's body was sewed up in a saddle blanket and taken by wagon to Belle Plain, which was reached in the afternoon on its way to Washington. On April 27 Col. Baker received instructions from the Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, to give the body secret burial.

The next morning the body was lifted to the deck of the monitor Montauk, and laid in the carpenter's bunk of the turret.

The next day an autopsy was held, and at 2:45 o'clock Col. Baker, with the assistance of Lieut. L. B. Baker and sailors to row the boat, the body

was taken quietly to the west side of the arsalenal grounds into the old Washington penitentiary.

One of the largest of the cells on the ground floor, filled with fixed ammunition stored there by the ordnance department, was cleared, a large flat, stone lifted from its place, and a rude grave was dug. The remains were placed in a pine gun box. The body was lowered, the grave filled up, and the stone replaced.

Here the body rested, known to only a few persons, for nearly four years. Finally, on February 15, 1869, Edwin Booth received from President Andrew Johnson permission to have his brother's remains removed to Baltimore for final burial. Preparations were immediately made for the disinterment of the body. There were present a military officer, several undertakers, a representative of the press, and a file of soldiers. The box was much decayed, but the body, wrapped in two or three gray army blankets, was in a fair state of preservation. Four soldiers carried the box to a wagon in waiting. That night it was placed in another pine box and taken to Baltimore by train.

Although Edwin Booth had interested himself in behalf of the removal of his brother's body, he did not attend the final burial of the remains. The members of the family who came on to Baltimore from New York to be present at the interment were Booth's mother, Mrs. Junius Brutus Booth; his sister, Mrs. Asia Booth Clarke—wife of the famous comedian, John Sleeper Clark—and his brother, Dr. Joseph O. Booth, all of whom are now buried in the same family lot with John Wilkes Booth, in beautiful Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore.

Considerable mystery attended the interment, the intention being to keep it as private as possible and prevent any sort of a demonstration. The elder Mrs. Booth, Dr. Booth, and Mrs. Clarke, came upon their arrival in Baltimore, registered at Guy's Hotel, which stood on the spot where the Baltimore post office now stands.

The people of Baltimore soon learned the significance of the arrival of three members of the Booth family, and as a result a large crowd gathered immediately at Weaver's undertaking establishment, on Payette street, immediately opposite the back floor of the old Holiday Street Theater, which has been a public playhouse since 1794, and where John Wilkes Booth had played many a successful engagement.

The body arrived in Baltimore at noon of February 17, 1869, and was immediately taken to Weaver's undertaking establishment, where it was kept until the following night at 11:45 o'clock.

Among those who looked at the body and identified it as that of John Wilkes Booth was William L. Ballauf, who became the property boy of the Holiday Street Theater on October 6, 1856, and who at last accounts was the stage carpenter of that theater, having seen practically 55 years of continuous service in one playhouse. Mr. Ballauf has often told how he came very near to accidental death at the hands of Wilkes Booth during the last act of a performance of "Richard III." With outstretched sword in hand, Booth, in his frenzy as Richard, rushed past the astonished property boy with a velocity that nearly killed young Ballauf, the sword almost grazing the skin of his face.

Another group was permitted to view the remains was Dr. J. R. W. Dunbar, of Baltimore, who had taken advantage of opportunities granted to a few men. Not only did Dr. Dunbar view the remains of Booth, but it was he who was permitted to examine the body of George Washington when it was removed from the tomb in which it was originally buried to the one that is now so familiar to every pilgrim who visits Mount Vernon. Furthermore, it was Dr. Dunbar who was instructed to remove the bullets from the body of John Brown before the latter was hanged.

It was just fifteen minutes before midnight when the body of Booth was taken to the cemetery in an ordinary undertaker's wagon, in order not to attract any attention. It was feared, quite naturally, that the least bit of publicity would cause a demonstration on the part of the many southern sympathizers who were then in Baltimore.

The body had been removed from Washington in charge of John H. Weaver, the undertaker. Mrs. Booth, Mrs. Clarke, and Dr. Booth drove to the cemetery in a closed carriage, while the few friends of Wilkes Booth who were to witness the interment gathered at the Ross House, and proceeded to the cemetery as quietly as possible.

At that time a man named Burkhard was the superintendent of Greenmount Cemetery, and he had given orders that the grave should be dug that night after dark, every possible precaution being taken to prevent any demonstration on the part of the many whose sympathies were wholly with the south. It was well understood by all directly interested in the interment that if such demonstration was made the United States government would immediately resume custody of the body.

The present writer has carefully examined the records of Greenmount Cemetery, and has discovered that the permit to bury John Wilkes Booth reads as follows:

No. 16821	Feb. 18, 1869.
Permit to enter the body of J. Wilkes Booth.	
Washington, D. C.	Removed from
Dogwood Area.	Lots 9 and 10.

The last line signifies that the body was interred in lots 9 and 10 in what is known as Dogwood area.

The body was lowered into the grave at precisely fifteen minutes after midnight. The silence was oppressive. Every one gathered about the grave had known Booth in life as an eccentric man and a brilliant actor. There was absolutely no ceremony. If there was any prayer it was a silent offering by one of his immediate relatives. Besides Mrs. Booth, Mrs. Clarke, and Dr. Booth, those who witnessed the interment were:

Harry Clay Ford, then the treasurer of the Holliday Street Theater.
Dr. Frank Germon, son of the late

Mrs. Greenbury C. Germon, of Baltimore, cousin of the late Joseph Jefferson, and who passed away on August 10, 1909, aged 88 years. Mr. Germon's father was the first actor to play "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Sam Kingsley, who had preceded Harry Clay Ford as treasurer of the Holliday Street Theater, and who passed away in Washington in 1904.
James L. Mattox.

Basil Moxley, the old doorkeeper at the Holliday Street Theater and at Ford's Opera House, Baltimore, occupying the two positions for nearly 50 years.

Samuel Linton, janitor of the Holliday Street Theater.

John Ellinger, who married the daughter of Weaver, the undertaker, and who kept a saloon on Fayette street, and Charley Flinder, Ellinger's partner.

The Booth lot is one of the most attractive in Greenmount cemetery, which is one of the oldest and most famous burial grounds in the United States. The cemetery was first established on March 15, 1863, and was originally called Green Mount cemetery.

On the official records of the cemetery the name of Mary Ann Booth, the wife of Junius Brutus Booth and mother of Edwin Booth, appears as the owner of the Booth lot, or rather lots, for the Booth inclosure consists of two lots.

One of these lots contains a mound, but there is no tombstone to indicate the name of the one who is here sleeping his final sleep. The mound, which is comparatively small and partly covered with myrtle and grass, is pointed out by the men in charge of the cemetery as the grave of John Wilkes Booth. Still it is an open secret that the remains of John Wilkes Booth do not lie immediately beneath this bit of earth, but some distance from it.

One of the men who identified Wilkes Booth's body who was present when it was quietly lowered into the grave on that eventful midnight of February 18, 1869, and who is still living in Baltimore, informed the present writer that he and several others made exact measurements of the distance between the actual grave of Wilkes Booth and the imposing monument in the immediate center of the Booth lot, and that all of them gave their solemn promise to Booth's mother that they would never divulge to mortal man the exact location of the grave, so that any vandal attempting to steal the body and digging below the little mound would be sorely disappointed and completely baffled, and would be obliged to spend many hours with pick and shovel in other parts of the lot before he could finally unearth the body.

Still, the great majority of visitors to Greenmount Cemetery who look upon the graves of the various members of the Booth family never learn of the deception that has been practiced upon the public by the cemetery authorities, a pardonable deception that cannot be criticised by any one who gives the subject thought.

When Dr. Joseph A. Booth returned to New York after the interment, he frankly admitted to many old friends that he had identified the body of his brother, John Wilkes Booth, and that he had seen it interred in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore.

Inasmuch as many admirers of Edwin Booth are under the impression that he is buried in Baltimore in the same lot with his father, mother, sister and brothers, it may be well to mention here that America's greatest and most beloved tragedian rests in Mount Auburn Cemetery, in Cambridge, Mass.

When Mary Devlin Booth, the first wife of Edwin Booth, passed away, she was buried in Mount Auburn, for at that time Mr. Booth made his home in Boston. Mrs. Mary McKicker Booth,

the tragedian's second wife, was buried in the McKicker lot in Rose Hill Cemetery, Chicago, where Mr. and Mrs. James Hubert McKicker are now also buried.

Edwin Booth was placed to rest by the side of his first wife, in the same God's Acre that contains the mortal remains of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Fanny Fern, Nathaniel P. Willis, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, Charles Sumner, Theodore Thomas, Louis Agassiz, Mrs. J. R. Vincent, Charlotte Cushman, William Warren, and Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Eddy, a splendid representation of America's distinguished men and women.

Another eminent actor is buried not far from the Booth lot in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, namely, John E. Owens, the famous comedian. In the Owens lot, on an adjoining hill, is a simple monument to the memory of the impersonator of Caleb Plummer, Joshua Butterby, and Solon Shingle.

Nat. Tribune

March 11, 1915.

Booth's Birthday.

Editor National Tribune: An account of the assassination of President Lincoln that has been published in the newspapers recently does not give the interesting details in connection with the bringing of Booth's body to Washington. I was one of the crew of the Monitor Mahopae, which was tied up at the dock when the boat bearing the body of Booth reached Washington and tied up at the dock less than a half cable's length from where we lay. The authorities in Washington, were, of course, promptly notified of the arrival of this boat, which was the Confederate steamer, Stonewall, that had recently fallen into the hands of our Government. During the night following the arrival of the Stonewall the body of Booth was removed to the Monitor Montauk, which was lying in midstream and out of commission at this time, and placed on the Quarterdeck. Herold, who had also been brought up on the Stonewall, was taken to the Montauk, and placed under strong guard in one of the coal bunkers between decks.

During the night several officials of the Government arrived in order to take the cutter that was to convey them to the Montauk had to cross the Mahopae's deck. My hammock was swung immediately beneath the spar deck, and hearing the tramping overhead, I went on deck to ascertain the cause and saw it was made by the officials who were embarking to visit the Montauk. The distance between the two vessels was so short that oars were quite useless to move the cutter back and forth, so a line was stretched between them and Frank Miller and I were detailed to pull the cutter back and forth by means of this line. On one of our numerous trips I had seen a surgeon pull down the blanket in which the body of Booth was rolled up and look at his face, so I stepped on the deck and pulled the blanket down sufficiently to allow me to see the face and neck of the assassin. I noticed that the face was unshaven and distinctly saw the place where the bullet that ended his life had entered the neck. I also noticed that his hair was cut short, evidently in a crude attempt to disguise himself. During the following night the body was removed, as also was Herold, and the lines were drawn in and the incident ended, so far as I was concerned. At this time I was serving under the name of Fred S. Otis, and I am hoping there may be someone of the Mahopae's crew living who will read this account and verify my statement either in your paper or by letter to me.—Fred S. Otley, 6 Broad St., Providence, R. I.

Historic Data.

Editor National Tribune: In our issue of March 11, Comrade Fred S. Otley, Providence, R. I., says he is anxious to know whether anyone can verify some of the statements he makes regarding Booth. I was a U. S. Marine at the time he refers to, and was guard over the prisoners that were supposed to be the ones implicated in the assassination of Lincoln, namely, Atter, Herold, Payne, Spangler, Dr. Mudd and Mrs. Surratt. These prisoners were confined on the monitor Sacos and Montauk, and I was on double duty the greater part of the time.

I was at Ford's Theater on the night before the assassination, when they played "The American Cousin," and was doing duty at the War Department the night after. I was afterward guard over Lincoln's body from from 10 o'clock to 2, April 19, 1865, and after that, on the Monitor Sacos and Montauk.

I have a diary, written at the time, and a letter written to a sister, and one to a girl, who afterward became my wife, to substantiate my statements. Comrade Otley says that Booth was brought from the Mopopoe to the Montauk. My diary says the Burnside, but this might be a mistake upon my part.

The important question is, when did Booth and Herold arrive on the boat Montauk. My diary says they came on board April 27, 1865, at 2:15 in the morning. I was then on double duty as guard over him from 6 to 8 o'clock, and again from 12 till 2. During my last duty there was no one around except myself, as guard, and two surgeons or doctors. In my presence they examined him, and from what I could gather from the conversation, they wanted to identify him. One of them claimed that during an operation performed upon him, he left a scar whereby he could identify him. He turned his head slightly to one side, and on his right side he did discover the scar which he claimed would be there if it was Booth. He then said: "This is Booth." I saw all the instruments they had with them. They first unbandaged his leg, it was bandaged with heavy pasteboard, highly figured. I did want a piece of the pasteboard, but was refused. I had my pocket knife out to get it, but could not do so. This happened just before 2 o'clock, April 27, 1865. They took Booth on the Key Port or the Santiago de Cuba, and Herold remained. They took his picture at 2 o'clock. Comrade Otley says he saw where the bullet entered that killed Booth. Could it be possible that what the doctors claimed to be a scar could have been where the bullet entered which killed him. We cannot both be right, we may both be wrong, but at least I will not have to describe how Booth looked at that time. Comrade Otley's description is as perfect as could be. Booth was dead then for a fact, and is dead yet. I could write a lot of how Herold got into his trouble. He told me when I was guard over him, but I was not allowed to have any conversation with any of the prisoners, so things were not written down for fear of being implicated. I was young then, and had not the experience I have since gained, but all the same, Herold was, to my idea, innocent, but happened to be in wrong company.—H. W. Landes, Co. C, 129th Pa., and U. S. Marine Corps.

National Tribune

May 6, 1915.

MYSTERY OF JOHN WILKES BOOTH'S BURIAL BARED AFTER FIFTY YEARS

No More Need Romeos Rave of Starlike Eyes and Lily Hands When the
Poetry of Feminine Footwear Calls

1915

Assassination

AT midnight of April 27, 1865, the guard at the little summer house of the Washington Arsenal grounds, which overlooked the Potomac and was used by officers as a landing place, challenged sharply as by the light of a lantern he saw approaching a small squad of men and made out the dim outlines of a team. The outfit halted and a man, an officer, detaching himself from his companions, came forward with the counterguard.

The guard saluted, there was a whispered conversation, then the officer called to the squad, who advanced, one man leading the horses. By the dim lantern light the officer made out a bundle in one corner of the summer house and issued a command. The men picked up the bundle and placed it in the cart. The sentinel stood mystified as the detachment then disappeared down the broad avenue in the darkness.

The mystified guard would have been the more amazed at the proceedings had he known that the bundle wrapped in a gunnysack contained the body of John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln, and that the officer was Dr. George Loring Porter, an assistant United States army surgeon, who had been designated to dispose of it.

Dr. Porter is still alive and resides at Bridgeport, Conn. Aside from Capt. Christian Rath he is the only person who had anything of importance to do with the body of Booth, the execution of four of the Lincoln conspirators and the imprisonment at Fort Jefferson of four others.

The body of Booth was the West of a trio of men who told the body of what was done with Booth's body and of the execution of Mrs. Mary E. Surratt, David M. Herold, Lewis Payne (Powell) and George A. Atzerodt, and the incarceration of John O'Loughlin, Spangler and Arnold at Fort Jefferson.

Fate played strange tricks in the narration of the story, for it is a matter of more than a quarter of a century since former Commander Hutchinson, T. S. N., was met at Manlius Springs, Co. The fact that members of the writer's family have been officers in the United States navy since 1804 and that Commander Hutchinson had been shipmate with the writer's father during the civil war probably accounts for the willingness of Commander Hutchinson to tell of the part he played in the final scenes of the great tragedy.

of the shooting and death of Booth and the capture of Herold the Secretary ordered Col. Baker to take a tug, go to Alexandria and meet the steamer John S. Ide, Capt. Wilson, which was coming up the river, and take charge of the body of Booth and of the prisoner Herold. This transfer was made at 10:40 o'clock that night, as the Secretary of War had ordered. All of the details explains why the body of Booth was shifted to the old Montauk.

"About six bells (11 o'clock) that morning hell started to pop on the quarter deck of the Montauk. Surgeon-General Barnes and a party of officers and civilians came aboard and without a word to a soul marched forward and started to undo the lashings about the blanket covered body of the assassin. Their high handedness and utter disregard of the courtesy due from one officer to another came within an ace of causing them to be shot by the guard."

(Follows the report made by Lieutenant-Commander Hutchinson to Commodore Montgomery and by him transmitted to the Secretary of the Navy: "About 11 o'clock A. M. Surgeon-General Barnes came on board and without asking for the captain of the guard or the commanding officer of the vessel or showing any written authority or informing any officer who he was or seeming to pay the slightest attention to military etiquette due to one officer from another, walks up to the corpse and commences to cut the shroudings. He was stopped by inquiry as to his authority for so doing. He replied, 'By orders of the Secretaries of War and Navy.' And afterward Major Eckert produced the written order.")

"Herold had his chance to cheat the sailors just before the sort to military honors. He was convinced to establish a friendly relation with the body of Booth's remains, but with such of the officers as to grasp it," went on Commander Hutchinson. "Personally I had an awful scare, but it has always been a question to my mind if he ever realized his opportunity."

"Herold was brought on deck to be photographed. He came from below through the forward hatch slowly and moved forward with the sentries. He wore handcuffs and to his leg irons were attached a chain and a thirty-two pound shot, which was carried by one of the gunnys."

"As Herold approached the turret the gangway narrowed and here was

the latter because Booth was dead, the former because below deck, under guard, double ironed and heavily loaded, were O'Loughlin, Atzerodt and Spangler."

"... elucidated Commander Hutchinson, after he had succeeded in making a clear burn to his satisfaction, "it doesn't seem nearly a quarter of a century ago that I was talking with Capt. Montgomery, in command of the Montauk, when an order came from Secretary of the Navy Welles for the monitor to drop down from the yard to the east branch of the Anacostia and come to anchor above the Saugus, and to clear the ship for action at midnight."

"As ordered, the ship took her new berth and promptly at 8 bells (midnight) all hands were piped to the stations and the ship cleared for action. A picked marine guard, armed with rifles and cutlasses, was ordered to fire upon any boat which attempted to come up the river."

"Three bells had struck and about fifteen minutes before, when suddenly we were hailed from the darkness. The speaker said he was Col. L. C. Baker, then head of the secret service, with an order from Secretary of War Stanton to the commandant of the Washington Navy Yard to permit him to come alongside to transfer one or more prisoners. Baker was on the forward deck of a tug, and I ordered him to lay alongside."

"When the tug was made fast over the rail came four men, carrying a body sewed up in a blanket—one of the gray army blankets. This I directed to be carried forward and placed on a carpenter's bench on the deck. I placed a guard over the body with instructions to permit no person to approach it. The guard had no idea at that time, nor did I, whose body it was, and no one was permitted to ask any questions."

"Going aft I found that Herold had been double ironed and was standing on deck while double ironed and was to him. It came to me like a flash of lightning that the body in the blanket must be that of President Lincoln's assassin, John Wilkes Booth."

"Later I learned that Booth's body had been sewn in the blanket by Lieut. Edward J. Doherty, who was in command of the cavalry which pursued Booth and Herold. (Doherty died in New York April 3, 1897, while serving as general inspector of street paving.) After Lieut.-Col. Conger had reported to Sec. of War Stanton the facts

Some years later in a mail car of a train running between Grand Rapids, Mich., and Detroit the writer made the acquaintance of Capt. Christian Rath, then a clerk in the railway postal service, but in 1865 provost marshal of the District of Columbia, the man who with his own hands made the room in which Booth was taken to the old Montauk. From him I thus learned the part he played in the great drama's finale.

About a score of years later, at Bridgeport, in many chats, Dr. Porter described his connection with the Lincoln conspirators and his secreting of the body of Booth.

Late one summer night in 1880, seated on the veranda of the old Cliff House as he was chatting with Commander Hutchinson, the conversation drifted lightly along from one topic to another until it finally touched on the navy. Suddenly the Commander said:

"Ever know I was the executive officer of the old monitor Montauk and on duty the night the body of John Wilkes Booth, Lincoln's assassin, was placed aboard?"

Without waiting for a reply the former naval officer started to relieve his mind and the manner in which he denounced the army officers who rode over naval etiquette and tradition at the time referred to would have delighted the hearts of any officer who ever trod a quarterdeck of Uncle Sam's. After twenty-five years the conduct of the army officers still rankled.

It was not such a difficult matter to visualize the scene. Commander Hutchinson described on picture the monitor Montauk doing duty in the navy yard at Washington to an anchorage in the east branch of the Anacostia, just above the monitor Saugus, in the presence of the prisoners, Mrs. Surratt, Arnold, Payne and Mudd. No person aboard knew why the ship's berth had been changed. There was an air of mystery and suppressed excitement among crew and officers. The hour was nearly midnight.

When the suppurous remarks of the officer caused he took up the thread of the yarn in the fashion of a ball of yarn brought in by Lieut.-Col. G. I. Conger brought in by Lieut.-Col. G. I. Conger on the afternoon of April 28 o'clock that Booth had been shot and had died three hours later at the Garrett farm and that Herold was a prisoner spread with the rapidity of a Colorado prairie fire. It did not take long to reach the navy yard and come aboard the old Montauk.

"We were much excited and elated,

his one chance to cheat the gallows, for his feet fell on the deck a short distance above the water. A sudden rush to the right and he would have gone over the unrailed deck of the Montauk; the impetus of the dash would have carried the shot, if not the guard, after him. Two minutes later the last breath of Herold would have appeared as bubbles on the surface from where his body lay anchored in the mud three fathoms below.

"His chance was gone in an instant. But the possibilities flashed through my brain as I ran forward to where Herold and his guards were.

"After Herold had been removed below Surgeon-General Barnes and his assistant started the autopsy on the deck forward of the turret, which Herold had passed but a few minutes before; the commission or coroner's inquest being held in the commanding officer's cabin at the same time. Several persons had recognized the remains as those of John Wilkes Booth and had so testified. Charles Dawson, chief clerk of the National Hotel, positively identified the body by the initials 'J. W. B.' which had been tattooed in India ink on the right hand between the thumb and forefinger.

"Another witness whose identification was beyond cavil or question was Dr. J. Frederick May, who had Booth as a patient a couple of years before, when he removed a small tumor from the assassin's neck, on the left side, three inches below the ear.

"I accompanied the commission on deck, where the body was examined and the scar found as described by Dr. May. This ended the identification testimony. Soon after Surgeon-General Barnes and his party, save Col. Baker, left the ship.

"For what followed I was severely reprimanded," declared Commander Hutchinson, "and it was not my fault, it was wholly due to the high handed manner in which the army and secret service men handled things. The body of Booth was bent double and wrapped in a blanket, then in gunny sacking, firmly lashed into place.

"Col. Baker of the secret service called away a small rowboat and with two men placed the body in it and rowed down the river. That is the last I ever saw of the remains of the assassin. Baker never even waited for the box for the remains, as ordered by the department. Everything was done with a rush and with the greatest secrecy. I made a report on the matter, which Commodore Montgomery included in

his and forwarded it to the department."

A score of years later at Bridgeport, in the study of his home, surrounded by books, valuable manuscripts and priceless Lincolniana, Dr. George Loring Porter in a number of chats told the writer of his stumbling on the corpse of the assassin, and how he later secreted it, acting under orders from the Government. For four years the public never knew where the body was, although many Government inspired reports as to its disposal had been printed in various publications. It is a matter of record that in 1869 President Johnson gave Edwin Booth permission to remove the remains to Baltimore for interment and that they are buried in Greenmount Cemetery.

Dr. Porter at the time of the closing scenes of the great drama was an assistant surgeon in the United States army, stationed at the Washington arsenal and was in medical charge of the Lincoln conspirators. It was probably due to this fact and his superb war record that he was chosen for the task of securely hiding the body of the President's assassin. Dr. Porter related his connection with the affair in this manner:

"On Thursday afternoon, April 27, 1865, Mrs. Porter and I took a boat ride down the Potomac, returning to the officers' landing at the arsenal grounds.

"We had to pass through the summer house to reach the land, and as we did I noticed in one corner some bundle securely wrapped in gunny sacking, but had no idea what it was, nor did I ask. The mere fact of a sentry's being posted at such an unusual place excited wonderment, but in those unsettled times we knew better than to ask questions.

"Later I learned that, acting under orders, Col. Baker had the body taken from the Montauk at 3 o'clock that afternoon by two men in a boat, who rowed down the eastern branch and to the landing on the west side of the arsenal grounds, where it was placed under guard. The landing ended at the summer house, and the bundle seen in the corner by Mrs. Porter and myself as we passed through, after being halted by the sentry, was the body of Booth.

"Sentries all about the reservation were calling the hour of midnight from their various posts when the military storekeeper of the arsenal,

J. Stebbins, four enlisted men, one of them leading a team attached to the cart, another carrying a lantern, and myself, the only commissioned officer present, met at the little summer house, where a sentry stood guard over the thing in the gunnysack. The four enlisted men were members of the Ordnance Corps and were picked for their reliability and discretion. They were sworn to secrecy regarding the happenings of the night.

"Two of the men picked up the gunnysacked bundle, grunting at its unexpected weight, and placed it in the body of the cart. At a word the man leading the team started down the avenue. Men marched on each side of the cart, Stebbins brought up the rear and I marched ahead with the man carrying the lantern, the flickering rays of which cast weird and fantastic shadows on the broad avenue. Not a member of the party spoke. The only sounds to break the stillness were the crunching of the cart wheels, the shuffling of our feet and the fall of the horses' hoofs on the gravel road.

"We marched down the avenue to the west side of the penitentiary, repeatedly challenged by the sentries as we approached their posts. The series of buildings known as the penitentiary was about 250 feet long.

"Between the administration and jail ends of the penitentiary was a middle section, which had been used as a storage place for fixed ammunition at the outbreak of the war and later as a general storage place. It was a large room about 50 by 40 feet, with stout supporting columns of cedar. There were two enormous doors in it sufficiently large to admit a wagon, opening on the north and south sides.

"The cart was led to one of the doors, which Military Storekeeper Stebbins unlocked. Once we were inside the apartment the door was carefully locked and the cart led to the extreme southwest corner of the store-room. By the flickering light of the lantern we saw a shallow hole before us. Whether there was a box in it I do not know. A pile of dry earth was on one side of the excavation. Grotesque shadows were cast by the lantern light falling on the gun boxes and packing cases.

"Two of the men picked up the body of Booth, still in its wrapping of gunny sacking and enshrouded in an army blanket, and deposited it in the shallow hole, which could not be dignified by the term grave. This was quickly filled with earth, packed down and the surface smoothed off. The surplus dirt was thrown into the cart and taken away. As the room had

a dirt floor there was little trouble in concealing the fact that a hole had been dug, an object placed in it, then filled up and the surface restored to its usual condition.

"When the main part of the old penitentiary building was torn down in 1867, necessitating the removal of the remains of Booth, the key of the apartment could not be found and there is said to have been a lively time at the War Department, for the key had been in the care of Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War. Finally it was found, the door unlocked and in the presence of a large number of officers the body of Booth was removed from the place where we had secreted it to one of the large store houses situated on the eastern side of the arsenal grounds. There it reposed until 1869, when President Johnson gave Edwin Booth permission to have it removed to the Booth lot in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, where it was interred.

"When Booth's body was taken from the place where we had concealed it the remains of the four executed conspirators, Mrs. Surratt, Payne, Herold and Atzerodt, were disinterred from the penitentiary yard and buried near the body of Booth. All of the buildings which were standing forty-five years ago on the night of the so-called burial of Booth have been razed, so far as I know, to give place to the War College and officers' quarters."

Swaying with the motion of the car and working his small, Capt. Christian Rath, who executed the Lincoln conspirators, told the writer of his part in the drama on several trips between Grand Rapids, Mich., and Detroit and return. Capt. Rath was of German extraction and was chivalrous to a degree and averred that Mrs. Surratt should not have been hanged; hanging was not for women; rather imprisonment would have met the ends of justice. Said the former Provost Marshal:

"Yes, I hanged Mrs. Surratt, Powell, who was known as Payne; Herold and Atzerodt. The latter two were whimpering cowards. Payne was the bravest man I ever saw or knew. If he had not been so brave and fearless and braced himself like a man to meet death in its most disgraceful form his neck would have been broken by the fall of the drop; instead he strangled to death.

"I saw the gallows built and secured the rope, which was three-ply Boston hemp, from the navy yard. I made the nooses and placed them on the beam, saw them adjusted on the victims, then stepped aside and gave the signal to the men underneath the gallows to spring the traps."

BOOTH'S GRAVE KNOWN TO L. A. MAN, AGED 97

**Egbert Ingersoll Refuses to Tell
Secret; Relates President's
Slayer Was Captured in Barn**

To one man in Los Angeles mention of the name of Abraham Lincoln recalls a strange occurrence. He is Egbert Ingersoll, 3101 South Kansas avenue, who says he is the only person alive who could solve the national mystery of what became of the body of John Wilkes Booth, murderer of the Great Emancipator.

Mr. Ingersoll is 97 years old. He has kept his secret since April, 1865. He intends to take it with him to his grave. Two others did so, he said, and when he feels like he might tell the story he recalls the words of Lieut. Byron Baker, who, when Booth's body had been disposed of by the three, said:

"We have buried him in oblivion. Let him stay there."

Mr. Ingersoll was in the United States Secret Service in the early sixties. He was one of the fifteen or twenty detectives who ran down and surrounded Booth in a Virginia farm barn. He was one of three of these who made secret disposition of the assassin's body.

NONE EVER TOLD

"To have told of what was done with him would have made mischief at the time," said Mr. Ingersoll to a representative of The Examiner yesterday, "so we did not tell, and not one of the three ever did tell.

"Maybe you have read magazine stories written by those who pretended to have been let into the secret. The stories are not true. The story never has been told. I don't think it ever will be told."

Despite his age, Mr. Ingersoll tells his story clearly. He has forgotten some of

the dates and little details, but the principal facts still stand clearly in his mind. He remembers President Lincoln quite well, and though not often in close contact with him, he knew him well enough to say:

"He was a merry gentleman. He always seemed to be feeling in good spirits. He liked to jest with his visitors and tell laughable stories."

Mr. Ingersoll is a native of New York state and later went to Lansing, Mich. In 1864 he received an appointment, through one of the Michigan representatives, to the United States secret service in the national capital. He worked under General Lafayette C. Baker, head of the service.

"I remember very well," said Mr. Ingersoll, "when the President was shot. General Baker and I were in New York City. We were there in connection with the blockade runners and other government business.

GENERAL IN TEARS

"One morning when I entered the office, General Baker was standing still against the desk. He did not move when I entered. I thought there was something wrong and spoke to him. The tears were streaming down his face as he turned to me.

"Why, what is the matter?" I asked him and he replied:

"They have shot Lincoln!"

"We left at once for Washington by fast train. The General organized a mounted posse. We took up Booth's trail to the Potomac River. There we found a negro who had taken him about twenty miles into Virginia.

Booth had stopped finally at a farm house and requested to be given lodging. The folks explained that they had no facilities to accommodate strangers and he requested that he be permitted to stay all night in the barn, which was granted.

"We found him in the barn. General Baker requested him to surrender and he said:

"No, I'll come out and fight the whole bunch of you."

BARN SET AFIRE

"We set the barn on fire. We were under orders from General Baker to take the man alive if possible and not to shoot him, but one of our men, Detective Corbett, thought he saw Booth about to shoot at General Baker and shot Booth through the back of the neck. Booth fell out on the ground when we opened the barn door.

"Lieutenant Byron Baker, a relative of General Baker, myself and one other man whose name I cannot at this instant recall, disposed of Booth's body.

"What did we do with it? you ask.

"I have been offered money to tell. Many persons have tried to get me to tell. The other boys did not tell and I am not going to either.

"A detective never tells his secrets."

AN EDWIN BOOTH LETTER OF PARAMOUNT
IMPORTANCE FROM A NEW JERSEY
COLLECTION

NUMBER 120

THE MOST IMPORTANT EDWIN BOOTH LETTER
IN EXISTENCE

- 120 [LINCOLN (ABRAHAM).] Booth (Edwin). A. L. s., 3 pp.,
8vo, Barnum's Hotel, Baltimore, Sept. 11, 1867. To Genl. U. S.
Grant.

After the Assassination of Abraham Lincoln, and the Capture and Shooting
of the assassin, John Wilkes Booth, the body of the latter was secretly
buried by the Government of the United States.

THIS LETTER WAS WRITTEN TO GENERAL GRANT BY EDWIN BOOTH, as he
was unable to obtain any response from the Secretary of War, ASKING
THAT THE BODY OF HIS BROTHER BE RETURNED TO HIS FAMILY TO RELIEVE
HIS HEART-BROKEN MOTHER.

*"I now appeal to you—on behalf of my heart-broken mother—that
she may receive the remains of her son.*

*You, sir, can understand what a consolation it would be to an aged
parent to have the privilege of visiting the grave of her child, and I
feel assured that you will, even in the midst of your most pressing
duties, feel a touch of sympathy for her, one of the greatest sufferers
living"; etc.*

A MORE IMPORTANT DOCUMENT, linking as it does THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT,
THE ASSASSIN, THE EMINENT TRAGEDIAN, AND ONE OF THE GREAT GENERALS
OF THE CIVIL WAR—CAN SCARCELY BE IMAGINED.

The letter was answered, and within a short time after its receipt by
Gen. Grant the body of John Wilkes Booth was returned to his family.

NEW YORK HERALD

PUBLISHED BY THE SUN-HERALD
CORPORATION, 230 BROADWAY.
TELEPHONE, WORTH 10,000.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1923.

LETTER ASKING BODY OF LINCOLN SLAYER SOLD

*Edwin Booth's Writing to
Grant Brings \$1,000.*

Thackerayana with other valuable and important offerings from the library of R. K. Albright of Buffalo were sold at Anderson's last evening for \$15,673. An autograph letter from Edwin Booth to Gen. U. S. Grant, written shortly after the assassination of Lincoln asking that the body of the assassin be returned to the Booth family, brought the high price of the sale, going to Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach for \$1,000. Francis Wilson, president of the Players' Club, was the runner-up on this item.

"The History of Samuel Tiltmarsh," by Thackeray, including five original drawings by the author, sold for \$50 to Charles Sessler, who also purchased seven apparently unpublished letters from Thackeray to Miss Mary Holmes for \$25 and Thackeray's English-Latin dictionary for \$30. Gabriel Wells obtained a superb collection of fore edge paintings and a copy of Audubon's "Birds of America," paying \$30 for the former and \$55 for the latter.

A collected set of first editions by Jane Austen sold to Charles Scribner's Sons for \$325; a first issue of the first edition of Boswell's life of Samuel Johnson to Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach for \$120; the first issue of the first edition of "The Tale of Two Cities" to Brentano's for \$500; Thackeray's original sketch book used in Paris in 1855 to J. D. Kern for \$200, and Thackeray's copy of Macaulay's English history to G. A. Baker & Co. for \$240.

Burial Place Lincoln's Assassin Known By But One Man; He Won't Tell

BY COLDIE H. SCSSNA
Special dispatch to the Fresno
Evening Herald
Copyright, 1923, by the Fresno
Evening Herald

MOLINE, Ill., June 11.—Today for the first time E. H. Sampson of Moline told of the burial of John Wilkes Booth, Lincoln's assassin. Yet he declined to say where Booth's body lies and he's the only man in the world who knows.

"For fifty-eight years that secret has been buried in my breast," he declared. "I took a solemn oath never to tell. I will die still keeping that oath."

Sampson and Colonel Lafayette Baker, later General Baker, dead these twenty years, buried Booth's body. At the command of E. M. Stanton, secretary of war, they removed the remains from a man of war and somewhere interred them.

DISAPPEARED IN DARKNESS

"The body disappeared in the darkness," said Sampson, "and we returned in the darkness. Only the elements and I know where we went and what we did."

Probably no other living man can

relate the events of April 12, 1865, with such accuracy as Sampson.

"I was a member of the secret service," he said, "and was in Ford's theater the night Lincoln was shot. I saw the President fall deep forward and saw death trip over the American flag draped on the President's box. I helped pursue Booth to the barn on Garrett's farm, saw the match applied to the straw straggling from the left door, glimpsed the assassin pacing up and down inside, and heard Boston Corbett fire the shot that mortally wounded him."

SAW HIM DIE

"I stood over the dying man as he begged that his arms be raised so he could see his hands, and heard him look and mutter, 'Worthless! Worthless!' and I heard the final whisper, 'Mother'. I helped transfer the body to a revenue cutter and saw it placed on a man of war in the Philadelphia navy yard. Then I was one of the two that buried it."

"Where did we bury it?" No, I can't tell. Father Time is stealing me with his scythe, but when he cuts me down, he'll take the secret, too. The world will never know."

'Guards Secret Of Grave Of J. W. Booth

By the Associated Press

MOLINE, Ill., July 2.—With lips sealed by an oath he said he took more than half a century ago, E. H. Sampson of Moline claims to be the only living man who knows what disposition was made of the body of John Wilkes Booth, assassin of Abraham Lincoln.

Mr. Sampson, who is now 81 years old, was a member of the United States secret service detailed to duty at Ford's theater the night Lincoln was shot there. He had served as one of Lincoln's bodyguards for several months. He saw Lincoln shot, saw Booth jump to the stage of the theater, was in the party that pursued him, saw Booth shot and helped transfer his body to a United States warship in the Philadelphia navy yard, according to a recital of the events he has just given out.

Only Man Who Knows Where Body Of Lincoln's Assassin Lies Says Secret Will Go To Grave With Him.

BY GOLDBYE H. SOSNA.

(Copyright, Lexington Leader)

MOLINE, ILL., June 15.—Today for the first time, E. H. Sampson of Moline, told of the burial of John Wilkes Booth, Lincoln's assassin. Yet he declined to say where Booth's body lies, and he's the only man in the world who knows.

"For 58 years that secret has been buried in my breast," he declared. "I took a solemn oath never to tell. I will die still keeping that oath."

Sampson, and Col. LaFayette Baker, later General Baker, dead these 20 years, buried Booth's body. At the command of E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, they removed the remains from a man-of-war and somewhere interred them.

"The body disappeared in the darkness," said Sampson, "and we returned in the darkness. Only the elements and I know where we went and what we did."

Probably no other living man can relate the events of April 1865 with such accuracy as Sampson.

"I was a member of the Secret Service," he said, "and was in Ford's theatre the night Lincoln was shot. I saw the President's head drop forward and saw Booth trip over the American flag draped on the President's box. I helped pursue Booth to the barn on Garrett's farm, saw the match applied to the straw struggling from the loft door, glimpsed the assassin pacing up and down inside, and heard Boston Corbett fire the shot that mortally wounded him.

"I stood over the dying man as he begged that his arms be raised so he could see his hands, and heard him look and mumble 'Worthless! worthless!' And I heard the final whisper 'Mother.' I helped transfer the body to a revenue cutter and saw it placed on a man-of-war in the Philadelphia navy yards. Then I was one of two who buried it.

"Where did we bury it? No. I can't tell. Father Time is stalking me with his scythe, but when he cuts me down, he'll take the secret, too. The world will never know."

BURIED SECRETLY

Just a little while ago E. M. Sampson, in a dispatch to a newspaper in Moline, Ill., declared that he alone knew where the body of John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Abraham Lincoln, is buried. He says that he, with Gen. Lafayette Baker, deceased, buried this murderer of the President, and he is quoted as follows: "For fifty-eight years that secret has been buried in my breast. I took a solemn oath never to tell. I will die still keeping that oath." Joseph I. Keefer, historian, of Washington, D. C., however, has a different story. He states that Booth was buried under a cell in the Seventh street arsenal in Washington, where the War College now stands, and that the stones in the cell were taken up to make a grave for him. Later, Mr. Keefer relates, Edwin Booth, the actor, secured an executive order from President Andrew Johnson to have the body exhumed and transferred to a cemetery in Baltimore, where it lies today. Mr. Keefer also states that Booth shot President Lincoln in the back of the neck, and that Sergeant Boston Corbett, the man who killed Booth, was able to lodge his musket ball in the same place.

KEEPS GREAT PLEDGE.

Man Guards Secret of Grave of J.
W. Booth.

By Associated Press.

1123

Moline, Ill., July 2.—With lips sealed by an oath he said he took more than half a century ago, E. H. Sampson, of Moline, claims to be the only living man who knows what disposition was made of the body of John Wilkes Booth, assassin of Abraham Lincoln.

Mr. Sampson, who is now 81 years old, was a member of the United States secret service, detailed to duty at Ford's theater the night Lincoln was shot there. He had served as one of Lincoln's bodyguards for several months. He saw Lincoln shot, saw Booth jump to the stage of the theater, was in the party that pursued him, saw Booth shot and helped transfer his body to a United States warship in the Philadelphia navy yard, according to a recital of the events he has just given out.

According to Sampson's story, he and Col. Lafayette Baker, later General Baker, were the only two men who knew what was done with Booth's body. General Baker has been dead twenty years. He had been ordered to select a man and go to Secretary of War Stanton for orders, and decided on Sampson. They were ordered by the secretary, Sampson states, to remove Booth's body from the warship between the hours of 10 p. m. and 3 a. m. on the night of April 21, 1865. The body disappeared that night.

"I took a pledge that as long as I lived I would not divulge the secret," says Sampson.

DIES WITH BOOTH SECRET.

**Last of Squad That Buried Assassin
Never Told Burial Spot.**

Special to The New York Times.

DES MOINES, Iowa, Feb. 18.—The secret of the burial place of John Wilkes Booth, assassin of President Abraham Lincoln, was probably sealed forever when Edwin Harper Sampson, last survivor of the squad of soldiers that buried Booth, died here Sunday.

Sampson, who was 82 years old at the time of his death, declared he had vowed to his superior officer never to tell the location of Booth's grave. As the members of the burial squad died one by one he was frequently asked to tell the secret for historical purposes.

Sampson's story is that he was on duty as a soldier the night of Lincoln's assassination at Ford's Theatre, Washington, D. C., under command of Colonel Baker. They pursued Booth, finally finding him in a barn, and the body was disposed of the following night.

Sampson was born Sept. 9, 1842, at Weedport, N. Y., and spent most of his life in that State.

60 YEARS AGO TODAY

MAY 4, 1865.

WASHINGTON.—President Andrew Johnson issued this proclamation: "Whereas, it appears from evidence in the bureau of military justice that the atrocious murder of the late President Abraham Lincoln and attempted assassination of the Hon. W. H. Seward was incited, concocted, and procured by and between Jeff Davis, late of Richmond; Jacob Thompson, Clement C. Clay, Beverly Tucker, George N. Sanders, W. C. Cleary and other rebels and traitors against the government of the United States, harbored in Canada—

"Now, therefore, to the end that justice may be done, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do offer for the arrest of said persons, or either of them within the limits of the United States, so that they can be brought to trial, the following rewards: \$100,000 for Jefferson Davis; \$25,000 for Clement C. Clay; \$25,000 for Jacob Thompson, late of Mississippi; \$2,500 for George C. Sanders; \$2,500 for Beverly Tucker, and \$1,000 for William C. Cleary, late clerk of Clement C. Clay."

SPRINGFIELD.—The train bearing the remains of President Lincoln arrived here about 7 o'clock yesterday morning and they were taken to the statehouse, where the catafalque had been erected in the house of representatives. The old residence of Mr. Lincoln was crowded with visitors from morning until night. The entrance to his law office was draped in black and from the door hung a large portrait of the deceased President. Throngs passed by the bier throughout the day. Reports were conflicting all day as to where the remains would be finally interred. Workmen were busily engaged in preparing a vault in Mather place, but late last night it was said to be certain the body will be placed in Oak Ridge cemetery.

WASHINGTON.—The vexed question as to the disposition of the body of J. Wilkes Booth, President Lincoln's assassin, is settled by a statement that may be regarded as final. After the head and heart, which have been deposited in the Army Medical museum in this city, had been removed, the corpse was buried in a plot of ground close to the penitentiary where for some years felons have been buried. A strong guard was placed over the grave, and it will be kept there until the grass grows over the spot, so that it cannot be distinguished from other nameless graves near it.

BOOTH'S GRAVE

Col. James Hamilton Davidson of Chicago believes he is the only man who knows where the body of John Wilkes Booth is buried. For years the question has been one of controversy. Though the records of Greenmont Cemetery at Baltimore show that the assassin of Lincoln is buried there, his grave has from time to time been declared to be in widely separated sections, and even an unburied and mummified body has been exhibited as that of the insane American actor.

Colonel Davidson's statement only revives the controversy. According to him, Booth is buried at Portsmouth, Va. Anyway, here is the statement of Colonel Davidson on which he bases his belief:

Just after the shooting of Booth at Bowling Green, Va., a report came to me about a group of men acting mysteriously in the middle of the night around one of the warehouses.

I didn't have to wait long. The head of the Secret Service in the Army, Colonel Baker, came to me the next morning and said he wanted to see me in privacy.

This is what he said: "Last night I brought into Portsmouth the body of Booth. Six of my men carried it on a stretcher to the first warehouse to the north. We took it into the basement, where we buried it."

The body was placed in there and covered with acid. Then the grave was filled with limestone and dirt. Every man of us is pledged to secrecy.

But why the secrecy among these Union officers? Was not Booth shot and killed as he attempted to escape following his arrest? Did his family not identify the body in Baltimore and bury it in the family plot at the cemetery there?

Doubt of the truth of these questions gave rise to wild stories that persisted up to fifteen years ago. According to one of these, Booth escaped after his arrest. He made his way, incognito, through many of the Southern States and finally located in Texas. It was a mysterious person, this, but well supplied with money from some mysterious source. Finally he made his way into Oklahoma and, a broken old man, he died in a little town in the northern part of the State. This was in the early 1900's. Many viewed the body. Men who had known him in life declared it was Wilkes Booth. The likeness was unquestionably striking.

There was at the time a resurgence of interest in the whole affair. The story was fully gone over. Then it died down, and since then few have given a thought as to where John Wilkes Booth is buried.

Portsmouth, Va., Enid, Okla., or Baltimore, it matters nothing which, though the Baltimore story seems so well authenticated that it should discourage further controversy. It is absolutely of no importance where the carcass of this madman lies.

Body of Lincoln's Assassin Destroyed With Acid After Burial in Old Warehouse

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 21.—(AP) Col. James Hamilton Davidson, former commander of the 122nd infantry, today revealed what he said was the burial place of John Wilkes Booth, assassin of President Abraham Lincoln. Col. Davidson, who lives here with a daughter, believes he is the only living man who knows.

Recently Edwin H. Sampson, who had said he was one of seven men who disposed of Booth's body, died in Moline, Ill., without revealing what had been done with the body.

Col. Davidson said he was in command at Portsmouth, Va., on the night of Booth's burial and was told of it by Col. Baker, head of the secret service of the army.

Booth's body was buried in the basement of a warehouse at Ports-

mouth, in a deep grave and covered with acid, Davidson said. Col. Baker told him. The grave then was filled with limestone and dirt.

BOOTH'S BURIAL PLACE SAID TO BE WAREHOUSE

Army Officer Relates
Story Told Him By
Comrade

BODY PLACED
IN DEEP GRAVE

Covered With Dirt, Acid
And Limestone Is
Latest Version

By the Associated Press
CHICAGO, Feb. 21.—Colonel James Hamilton Davidson, former commander of the 122nd Infantry, today revealed what he said was the burial place of John Wilkes Booth, assassin of President Abraham Lincoln, considered as a secret for 60 years.

Colonel Davidson, now living here, believes he is the only living man who knows.

Recently Edwin Harpor Sampson, one of the seven men who disposed of Booth's body, died in Moline, Illinois, without revealing what had been done with the body.

Colonel Davidson was in command at Portsmouth, Virginia, the night of Booth's burial and was told of it by Colonel Baker, head of the secret service of the army. Since then, Davidson says, he has kept secret the information given him. Davidson has been blind for 12 years.

IN ACID, LIMESTONE

Booth's body was buried in the basement of a warehouse at Portsmouth, in a deep grave, and covered with acid, Davidson says Colonel Baker told him. The grave then was filled with limestone and dirt.

"Just after the shooting of Booth at Bowling Green, by Sergeant Boston Corbett," says Colonel Davidson, "a report came to me about a group of men acting mysteriously in the middle of the night around one of the warehouses.

"I didn't have to wait long for my information. The head of the secret service in the army, Colonel Baker, came to me the next morning and said he wanted to see me in strict privacy.

"This is what he said:

RELATES STORY

"Last night I brought into Portsmouth the body of Booth, the man who killed the President. Six of my men carried it on a stretcher to the first warehouse to the north. We took it into the basement, where we dug a grave. Then we

"The body was placed in there and covered with acid. Then the grave was filled with limestone and dirt."

"That was 60 years ago. There can't be any harm in telling it now. The country ought to know."

Many Versions Have Been In Circulation

By the Associated Press

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—Many versions of the burial of John Wilkes Booth have been in circulation for years, but the generally accepted belief here is that the body of the assassin was buried on the ground floor of the old Washington penitentiary and later was removed at the request of his relatives to Green Mount cemetery, Baltimore.

Baltimore Records Tell Another Story

By the Associated Press

BALTIMORE, Md., Feb. 21.—The records of Green Mount cemetery, this city, show that John Wilkes Booth, assassin of President Lincoln, was buried in the Booth family plot there on June 6, 1869.

"Grave of Lincoln's Assassin" Made Known After Sixty Years

Civil War Colonel, Revealing Confidence of Secret Service Head, Says Booth Was Buried in Portsmouth, Va., Cellar; Records Refute His Account

CHICAGO, Feb. 21.—Colonel James Hamilton Davidson, former commander of the 122d Infantry, to-day revealed what he said was the burial place of John Wilkes Booth, assassin of President Abraham Lincoln. Colonel Davidson, who lives here with a daughter, believes he is the only living man who knows. Recently Edwin Harper Sampson, who said he was one of seven men who disposed of Booth's body, died in Moline, Ill., without revealing what had been done with the body.

Colonel Davidson said he was in command at Portsmouth, Va., on the night of Booth's burial and was told of it by Colonel Baker, head of the Secret Service of the army.

Booth's body was buried in the basement of a warehouse at Portsmouth in a deep grave and covered with acid, Davidson said Colonel Baker told him. The grave then was filled with limestone and earth.

"Just after the shooting of Booth at Bowling Green, Va.," said Colonel Davidson, "a report came to me about a group of men acting mysteriously in the middle of the night around one of the warehouses.

"I didn't have to wait long for my information. The head of the Secret Service in the army, Colonel Baker, came to me the next morning and said he wanted to see me in privacy.

"This is what he said: 'Last night I brought into Portsmouth the body of Booth. Six of my men carried it on

a stretcher to the first warehouse to the north. We took it into the basement, where we dug a grave.

"The body was placed in there and covered with acid. Then the grave was filled with limestone and dirt. Every man of us is pledged to secrecy. Will you promise never to say a word?"

"That was sixty years ago. There can't be any harm in telling it now. The country ought to know."

BALTIMORE, Feb. 21.—The records of Greenmount Cemetery, this city, show that John Wilkes Booth, assassin of President Lincoln, was buried in the Booth family plot there on June 6, 1869.

According to the records of the Maryland Historical Society, Booth's body was brought here from Washington on February 18 of the same year and was kept in a vault at Greenmount until final interment.

"The family fully identified the body as that of John Wilkes Booth, all statements to the contrary notwithstanding," a statement from the records of the historical society declares.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—Many versions of the burial of John Wilkes Booth have been in circulation for years, but the generally accepted belief here is that the body of the assassin was buried on the ground floor of the old Washington penitentiary and later was removed at the request of his relatives to Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore.

DOUBTS J. W. BOOTH WAS BURIED HERE

Chicago Man Says Body Was
Placed In Grave At
Portsmouth, Va.

DETAILS ARE REVEALED

Col. J. H. Davidson Declares He
Was Bound To Secrecy
At Time.

(Continued from Page 16.)

delivered to his family and now lies in a cemetery in Baltimore."

Booth's body was brought to Baltimore February 18, 1869, according to various records that are in agreement. THE SUN, in its issue of February 19, 1869, reported the burial as follows:

"The remains of J. Wilkes Booth were quietly put away in the vault of Mr. J. H. Weaver, the undertaker, at Greenmount Cemetery yesterday morning, without any ceremony. There was no one present on the occasion but Mr. Weaver and his assistants."

Major W. M. Pegram Quoted.

Another statement with reference to the burial, one that has been published on frequent occasions, is that of Major William M. Pegram, who, with Henry C. Wagner, of Baltimore, viewed the corpse when it arrived here for burial. His statement in part was as follows:

"On the morning after the arrival of the body in Baltimore, Mr. Henry C. Wagner, of this city, and I viewed it, lying in its casket. The body had been buried in the old arsenal grounds at the navy yard in Washington, a plain gun box having been used as a coffin."

"On the under side of the box lid had been placed with marking ink the single word, 'Booth', evidently in order to identify the remains should they ever be removed. Mr. Wagner and I looked at the body as it lay dressed in the suit of clothes in which he had been shot."

Body Described.

Following this was a detailed description of the body, with the following added explanation:

"The family fully identified the body as that of John Wilkes Booth, all doubts to the contrary notwithstanding."

Major Pegram also added:

"A clergyman having a Northern charge, being in Baltimore at the time of the burial of the remains, was asked to officiate, and he complied with the request, but was not aware whose funeral it was until he reached the cemetery gate. His congregation, on learning that he had buried the remains of John Wilkes Booth, were unwilling for him to return."

"The clergyman was the Rev. Fleming James, now dead, who was spending a vacation in Baltimore, and for some years was rector of St. Mark's Protestant Episcopal Church, on Lombard street."

Henry C. Sheppard, 2501 North Calvert street, a lieutenant in the Confederate Army, was an acquaintance of the Rev. Mr. James. He said yesterday there was no doubt in his mind but that Booth was buried in Greenmount Cemetery.

"When I came to Baltimore in 1868,"

Mr. Sheppard said, "I lived at a boarding house on Carey street, near Franklin Square, forming there a close association with a number of Episcopalian clergymen. Among them was the Rev. Mr. James, who was under the ban of his church for having officiated at the burial of Lincoln's assassin."

"His colleagues told me he had been reprimanded by his bishop for his actions. Other than that statement the matter was kept very quiet. There was strong sentiment against Southerners in the city and it is possible that had the matter become prominent in public attention the Rev. Mr. James might have been attacked personally or the grave of Booth might have been plundered."

The grave generally believed to contain Booth's body is under an unmarked mound in the Booth family plot in Greenmount Cemetery where members of three generations of the family are buried. All the other graves bear individual markers. Records of the cemetery show the body was brought there for burial February 18, 1869, while other records obtained by historians show that its transfer from the undertaker's vault to its final resting place was made June 6 of the same year.

The cemetery records also show that six of the Booth bodies were brought there from a private cemetery on a farm near Belair, where the Booth family lived for many years and where John Wilkes was born.

BURIAL PLACE OF LINCOLN'S SLAYER KNOWN

Former Army Officer Reveals Al-
leged Facts Kept Secret
Sixty Years.

1825

BODY INTERRED AND COVERED WITH ACID

Grave Filled With Limestone to
Destroy Every Vestige of Body.
—Burial Place Was in Basement
of Warehouse at Portsmouth,
According to Story Related by
Head of Secret Service.

By Associated Press.

Chicago, Feb. 21. — Col. James Hamilton Davidson, former commander of the 122nd infantry, today revealed what he said was the burial place of John Wilkes Booth, assassin of President Abraham Lincoln, considered a secret for sixty years.

Colonel Davidson, now living here, believes he is the only living man who knows. Recently Edwin Harper Sampson, one of the seven men who disposed of Booth's body, died in Moline, Ill., without revealing what had been done with the body.

Colonel Davidson was in command at Portsmouth, Va., the night of Booth's burial, and was told of it by Colonel Baker, head of the secret service of the army. Since then, Davidson says, he has kept secret the information given him. Davidson has been blind for twelve years.

Booth's body was buried in the basement of a warehouse at Portsmouth, in a deep grave, and covered with acid, Davidson says. Colonel Baker told him. The grave then was filled with limestone and dirt.

Her Youthful Spirit

To see Blanche Chapman off the stage, with no trace of makeup upon her cheeks, to hear her speak, to witness her animation, keenness of mind and interest in events of the day, is to marvel that a woman of her age, especially one who has devoted her entire life to such exacting work as that of the stage—with the duties of wife and mother added—can still retain so much of the spirit and courage which are habitually associated with youth.

Two performances of the Nurse in single day, with a long interview sandwiched in between, is the breath of life to a woman such as Blanche Chapman, and, as if that were not enough, she confided that before she went to bed that night, she must complete and get into the mail her own remembrances of the identification of the body of John Wilkes Booth, who assassinated President Abraham Lincoln in Ford's Theatre, Washington, in April, 1865.

When Wilkes Booth was shot, some weeks later, his body was taken to

Washington and buried under the pavement of the old Capitol prison. After it had lain there several years the Booth family were allowed to take it for burial in their family lot in Baltimore.

The identification at which Miss Chapman was present was in a Baltimore undertaking establishment, before the final burial. She was then aged about 16 and was acting with her sister Ella, at Ford's Theatre in that city.

The account of that event which Miss Chapman has now completed has been sent to an author named Hambrecht in Madison, Wis. who is incorporating it into a book which he is now writing on John Wilkes Booth. Although more than 55 years have elapsed since the day that she saw Booth's body identified, Miss Chapman says that every detail of the tragic scene is indelibly engraved upon the tablets of her memory and that she can remember it as if it had all happened yesterday.

Her parents were on tour at the time, Miss Chapman explained, and she and her sister were living during this Baltimore engagement at the home of the manager, John T. Ford. Mr Ford

asked her and her sister to come across the street from the theatre, she explained, to witness the identification of the body believed to be that of Booth and they entered a room in the establishment where it lay, wrapped in a large, coarse blanket and encased in a crude, rough box.

"I can see it all now," said the veteran actress. "At the head of the box stood John T. Ford, next to him came C. B. Bishop, then myself, then Harry Ford, whom I later married, and next to him my sister, Ella. On the other side stood Joe Booth, a brother of John Wilkes Booth, Mr Weaver, the undertaker, and Anna Ford, a daughter of John Ford; Mrs Junius Brutus Booth the elder, mother of John Wilkes Booth, was present, having been summoned from New York, while Marion Booth and Rosalie Booth, the former my particular friend, were all there.

"I can recall Joe Booth saying: 'It is this is the body of John Wilkes Booth, it has only one plugged tooth in its head.' A dental chart with the tooth in question marked was produced and Mr Bishop inserted his hand and pulled out the plugged tooth. I thought that this would establish the identifi-

Part of the Story in Sunday Globe Oct 11th 1921

cation beyond a doubt but it seems that it was not quite enough, for I remember that an examination of the leg followed and that the bones of the broken leg fell to the floor, corroborative evidence which clinched the identification.

"I shall never forget the grief of Mrs Booth, the dead man's mother, nor her tears falling upon that rough box which encased the body of her son. She gave both my sister and myself a strand of hair cut from the head after the identification was complete and I have that lock of hair to this day."

DECLARES BOOTH WAS BURIED HERE

Henry W. Mears Cites Identification By Four Men
Who Knew Actor.

BODY ON VIEW ALL DAY

City Undertaker Contradicts Story.
Of Interment At Portsmouth, Va.

Declaring the body of John Wilkes Booth, assassin of Abraham Lincoln, was brought to Baltimore and buried in Greenmount Cemetery in February, 1869, Henry W. Mears, veteran Baltimore undertaker, yesterday contradicted statements made last week by Col. James Hamilton Davidson, of Chicago.

Colonel Davidson, commander of the One Hundred and Twenty-second Infantry during the Civil War, contended Booth was buried in the basement of a warehouse in Portsmouth, Va., when Colonel Davidson was in command there.

Four Men Identify Body.

Mr. Mears, who purchased the undertaking business of John H. Weaver shortly after Booth's burial, said he had his information from four men who positively identified Booth as he lay in an open coffin in Weaver's establishment on Holliday street, opposite the old Holliday Street Theater. These men—Major William Pegram; Daniel Haggerty, former magistrate at the Central Police Station; Basil Moxley, doorkeeper at the Holliday Street Theater, and a fourth whose name Mr. Mears could not remember—were friends of Booth and the Booth family, he asserted.

Colonel Davidson said he obtained his information from one of the men who declared they buried Booth in Portsmouth. Being pledged to secrecy, Colonel Davidson said he did not feel at liberty to disclose the event until last week.

Buried Five Members of Family.

"Prior to Booth's death," Mr. Mears explained, "Mr. Weaver transferred bodies of some of Booth's ancestors from Baltimore Cemetery to Greenmount. Later I had charge of the funerals of Mrs. Junius Brutus Booth, wife of the famous tragedian and mother of John Wilkes Booth; two sisters, Miss Rosalie Booth and Mrs. John S. Clarke, mother of Creston and Wilfred Clarke, and one son, Dr. Joseph A. Booth.

"On orders from Edwin Booth, the famous interpreter with Barrett of

Shakespearean roles, I rearranged the gravestones on the Booth lot at Greenmount. The story that John Wilkes Booth is not buried in Greenmount is only the resurrection of a tale that appears whenever some one wants a lot of publicity or notoriety. John Wilkes Booth is buried at the rear of the tall shaft in the middle of the family lot.

Body On View Whole Day.

"Booth's body was at Weaver's for a whole day before it was buried. Haggerty, Moxley and Major Pegram could not be mistaken in their identification; Moxley, particularly, since Booth, who bade fair to follow his famous father as a great theatrical artist, frequented the Holliday Street Theater, where Moxley was doorkeeper.

"Edwin Booth would never discuss his brother's fate. Because of the attack on Lincoln he never played in Washington. Booth's sister, Mrs. Clarke, moved from the city and died in a convent in Europe. She said she could not live in this country following the notoriety brought on the family by her brother. Her body was brought here and I buried it.

Rearranged Grave Stones.

"Edwin Booth summoned me to Philadelphia, where he commissioned me to rearrange the grave stones on the lot in Greenmount. At that time I mentioned John Wilkes Booth to him, but he refrained from referring to his brother. Edwin Booth is the only member of the family not buried at Greenmount.

"Edwin Booth later sent the priest who conducted funeral services for Mrs. Clarke \$100 and the minister who officiated at his mother's burial \$150. By a strange coincidence Booth was playing at the Holliday Street Theater when the bodies of his sister, Rosalie, and his mother were in my funeral parlor, formerly Weaver's.

"When I altered the lot in Greenmount I discovered a Hebrew inscription on one of the stones which I had a Catholic priest translate for me and this was transferred to the new stone erected."

Mr. Mears said that by a contract in the Booth family none but those having Booth blood in their veins could be buried in the lot at Greenmount. For this reason neither Mrs. Clarke's husband nor the wife of Dr. Booth are buried there.

JOHN WILKES. BOOTH

Charles I. Shindler, has among his varied and various historic collections, an interesting story of John Wilkes-Booth, the man who killed Abraham Lincoln, at Fords Theatre in Washington, in April 1865. It has long been the story that the man who was killed in Maryland a few days after the killing of Lincoln was not Booth, but another man, and that Booth actually got away, made his way to Mexico and later returned to Oklahoma where he died. The story goes into details by explaining how Booth who had been hid in the barn in Maryland, at length got out, and took his place in the bottom or on the floor of a ramshackle wagon that was going to "Dixie." That he made his way in safety to a certain point well within the line of Southern sympathizers and discovered he had left important papers in the barn in Maryland, from which he had escaped. He sent a man back to look for the papers and this man was asleep in the barn when federal troops on the trail of Booth surrounded the barn and set it on fire. The man was killed and the Booth papers found on his person so the story goes—the old story we used to read, and it was taken for granted that Booth had been killed. This is the story.

There may not be a word of truth in it. But it has gone the rounds of the press as the years have passed.

When the writer of these lines lived at Brownwood, Texas, he learned that the man supposed to have been Booth came to Brownwood from Mexico. That he bought a pony there and continued his journey to Glen Rose in Somerville county where he lived several years, and where he one day made confession to a man that he was in fact John Wilkes Booth and not John St. Helens, the name he was using.

Both Papers.

The following clippings furnished by Charlie Shindler are interesting:
Saw Booth's Body.

Editor National Tribune: There is at least one man still living who was in Washington and saw the dead

body of John Wilkes Booth. With all due respect to the claims of Dr. Wilson, I can assure him on the best of authority that Booth was shot by Corpl. Boston Corbett, and the reason that I know is that I was in Washington the morning that Booth's body was brought into Washington.

The 30th Me. was on guard at Washington and no one could get out of the city without a pass signed by Gen. Auger. David Hodson of the 30th in Co., C, the same company with me, had been hurt on the Red River campaign and was transferred to the invalid corps at Washington and was on guard at the prison all the time. Now, I had never seen Booth, but had seen his picture but Hodson had seen him many times and had seen him both on and off the stage with his brother, Edwin, and sister, Josie, while playing at Ford's the play being known as "Our Country Cousin," and he was well known to hundreds of the soldiers.

On that April morning when his body was brought to Washington I had just come off guard and with the crowd, wished to see the body and with me went Dave Hodson. I asked Dave, "Is that Booth?" "Yes, that's him, all right," Dave replied. Just then Edwin and his sister, Josie came on the street and the officer made us stand back so the brother and sister could see him. He lay with his feet in the front of an old cart and his head at the end of it. Edwin was very pale and made no talk. There were hundreds of soldiers and citizens there and no one said that it was not John Booth. Josie cried as she held his head in her arms pleading with the officer for a few more moments, but at last she kissed the dead and blood stained face and with her brother left the street.

There with hundreds of men and women both soldiers and citizens we knew Booth as well as the brother and sister, what chance was there for a mistake? And again, who was the gentleman in the cart? Could anyone doubt the sincerity of the broken-hearted sister? Booth was dead all right, shot by Boston Corbett and when after setting fire to the barn he tried to get out. Dr. Hodson helped Mrs. Surratt upon platform the day she was hanged. Hodson died three years ago in Kansas.—M. L. Cassidy, Hallowell, Me.

THROWN INTO SEA

WAS THIS FATE OF BODY OF
LINCOLN'S ASSASSIN?

Volume Printed In 1868. Owned
By a Salina Man, Gives Such
Inference

The birthday of Abraham Lincoln has brought to light today another memento of the great emancipator in the form of an old book owned by S. H. Agnew, 201 East Republic street. This book which is 65 years old and which is historical in nature, tends to clear up a mystery in earlier American history; a mystery surrounding the fate of the body of Lincoln's assassin.

Mr. Agnew's father who was in the Civil war on the Union side, and who finally died from exposure he received at that time, gave the book to the Salina man upon his death bed. This was on December 5, 1869. Mr. Agnew has treasured the old volume since then. By Col. Charles S. Green the book is entitled "Thrilling Stories of the Great Rebellion."

According to this author, John Wilkes Booth originally planned to kidnap Lincoln, the vice president and the entire cabinet and smuggle them into the south. Booth, the book states, had played Shakespeare's plays on the legitimate stage for so many years that in the words of the old book, "it became his ambition like the wicked Lorenzo de Medici to stake his life upon one stroke for fame, the murder of a ruler obnoxious to the south. He had not worked half so hard for his histrionic success as for his terrible graduation into an assassin."

The old volume recounts intimately the successive events leading up to Lincoln's assassination after Booth had decided a wholesale kidnapping was impossible and tells of the assassin's subsequent flight and death.

History has never recounted what became of the assassin's body. This book intimates its fate. It states the body was turned over to the secretary of war without any instructions. He committed it to Col. Lafayette C. Baker of the United States secret service. It was placed, the book states, in a small row boat in the dead of night and was rowed off into the darkness. The inference is plain that the ill-famed Booth's body was thrown at sea.

W. H. HORNADAY

PERMANENT ADDRESS

VETERANS' HOME, CALIF.

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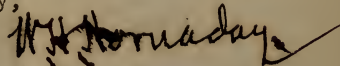
ARCHAEOLOGY - RESEARCH

April 12, 1932.

Mr. H. K. Terry,
9526 Wistara St.,
Bustleton,
Phila., Pa.

Dear Sir:--Your letter of 22 ulto. was waiting my return from a jaunt; am complying, as far as am able, in short time. Am wondering just what special use you may have in view; if anything of it is used, would be pleased to have a copy of it. The facts have been garbled, mused, etc., but except for the origin publications, early in 1912, there has not been any full or creditable presentation of them.

Yours vry truly,


Col. W. H. Hornaday.

The mystery of the final disposition of the body of John Wilkes Booth, assassin of President Lincoln, has been for many years a much discussed, and variously disputed incident. It was generally understood that the Secretary of War had issued some kind secret orders about the disposal of the body, but just what or to whom has never been quite agreed upon by newspapers or others interested in the matter.

After the close of the Rebellion Allen Pinkerton, the head of all secret service activities during the last years of the war, moved to Chicago, where his two sons, William and John, had established the soon-to-be famous Pinkerton Detective Agency. That city was the basis of my newspaper activities for twenty years, during which time I necessarily became well acquainted with both William and his father, who had retired and was taking life easy. Allen Pinkerton left his work at Scotland Yards and came to America at the outbreak of the Rebellion, and after his first work as the head of McClelland's "intelligence squad", soon was assigned to organize and direct the great secret service work, under direct orders of the Secretary of War.

Frequent and quite intimate contact with the Pinkertons resulted in an attempt to secure from the old pioneer detective the true and inside story of the final disposition of the body of the assassin. Even then claims and speculations that Booth had escaped and that some one of his confederates had been killed, and his body substituted for that of the hunted assassin, were more or less rife.

Finally, after consultations with William, he told the story, first pledging secrecy about its use while he or his son, William, lived. He suggested that any results might not materially concern him, as he realized that he was well along in years, but that its publicity might have some bearing on the business of the Pinkerton Agency.

After the inevitable had happened to the pioneer detective a few years later, I changed my base of activities to the milder, dryer climate of the mid-west, but before leaving Chicago, during my parting call on William, he reminded me of the agreement with his father. He said the story as he heard his father tell it, was the only time he had ever heard it in detail, and that he that it was the implicit confidence his father placed in me, that trustful sentiment one Scott has in another, that had induced him to tell me all the most intimate details of that, one of the deepest secrets of all that War. William suggested that the father had already "gone to ferret out other and deeper secrets", and that his own failing health suggested that my agreement might not long remain in force. In 1912, while working in the newly "opened" Oklahoma country, the news was flashed that William Pinkerton, head of the great detective agencies had suddenly died while sitting in his office.

In the mean time the Booth "pretenders" had become numerous, and varied. Their stories about how they had escaped the unerring aim of Serg. Boston Corbett were varied, mostly absolutely impossible, all easily exploded by a little careful and logical investigation. Of these the most persistent came from an old hermit, John St. John, a recluse "existing" on a little ranch a few miles out of Enid, Oklahoma. I personally visited this old deceiver, whose very personal appearance was a most positive assurance that he had never even known anything about the personalities of Booth, or anything about his family. He came from a little cow-town down in Texas, where I found that he had once pretended that he was an escaped noted "badman", and that his associates boldly denounced him as "goosey". They

W. H. HORNADAY

PERMANENT ADDRESS

VETERANS' HOME, CALIF.

■

ARCHAEOLOGY - RESEARCH

They told about that his "limp", which was in the wrong leg, was caused by his being trampled in a roundup; that he was such a "bumsteer" of a cowboy that he could not take care of himself in a stampede. The other Texas "pretender's" story did not have a single element of mystery; just a bold and brazen assumption.

In the late 90's, when in Topeka, I learned from a Grand Army comrade that Serg. Boston Corbett was living on a farm near Concordia, Kansas. I visited him in a few days, and after some difficulty induced him to give his version of that historic and tragic incident. Corbett had long harbored the delusion that the friends of Wilkes Booth were "after him", and he was ever on the alert if a stranger came into his rather secluded and out-of-the-way neighborhood. I had learned all about this condition, and had secured for my escort a man he well knew, but even then he met us on the front porch with rifle in hand. Finally he told me about how his Company of the famous Fourth Michigan cavalry, on duty around Washington, had followed Booth across the Patomac, up the river, to a farm near the little hamlet of Bowling Green, Va. They learned that Booth had taken refuge in a little frame barn, which they surrounded during the night. At daylight on the morning of April 24, with a tight line of guards, mounted and afoot, the officers called for him to come out and surrender. After waiting some time, no one responding, the guards at the rear set fire to the barn, and in an instant it was all ablaze. Serg. Corbett with a few men were directly in front of the door, when Booth limped out, stood leaning on his crutch, brandishing a pistol in each hand, seeming to hesitate, as the soldiers were too far away for his pistol rage. Corbett said it flashed through his mind, that here was the assassin of the President, who should be shot down like a dog. Corbett raised his trusty carbine and pumped four bullets into Booth's body. He said his superior officers seemed pleased at his prompt action. The identity of Booth was quickly and positively established, by the doctor who had treated his injured leg and by others, including the man who had secured the old strait-sticked crutch a few days before. Corbett said the body was immediately taken to Washington where it was turned over to some of the secret service men. Corbett seemed to have no regret at his part in this historic tragedy.

Alan Pinkerton started his story by alluding to the fact that at the upper end of that old wooden pier at the foot of Seventh Street, Washington, in war times, was an old one story brick naval prison, or guardhouse. Here the body of Booth was turned over to him late on April 24. His first thought was that it should be buried, in quicklime, in the rear of the old guardhouse, where a few unclaimed dead spies had been buried. But after the body had been safely guarded over night, the next morning he called on the Secretary of War for instructions as to its final disposal. He was quickly told that he was to see to it that the body was finally and permanently disposed of in such manner as would absolutely prevent any future attempt of Booth's friends or sympathizers from any hero worship, or any maudlin or sentimental aftermath; that he wanted Pinkerton to decide on the method, and not to bother about making any report as to details.

During the day had the body stripped, burning all the clothing, using an army blanket as a wrapping sheet. He got in touch with the Captain of a small gunboat, anchored just off shore, requested that a four-oared boat, with two oarsmen, and a helmsman, be sent to meet him at the wharf promptly at midnight; that no record of this detail be made, and that no one be informed, under any conditions, of this request. During the day Pinkerton had secured eighteen common flatirons and about fifty feet of small copper wire.

W. H. Hornaday, P. C.
Chas. S. McNeil, S. V. P. C.
W. L. Lung, J. V. P. C.
Rev. J. Sleese, Chap.
R. R. Fouke, Q. M.
Chas. S. True, Adj.

HEADQUARTERS

UNITY POST, No. 171

DEPARTMENT OF CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA
GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

VETERANS' HOME, NAPA CO., CAL.

J. F. Jordan, O. D.
S. L. Skeels, P. P. I.
J. B. Adams, S. M.

W. H. Hornaday,
Past Dept. Comdr, Okla.
Past National Insp, Genl.
Chas. S. McNell,
P. Dept. Chief Must. O.

BOOTH--3.

Promptly at midnight the boat was at the landing. The body, placed on a wide board, was carried and laid across the gunwales, and they were soon out about the middle of the Patomac, quietly the flatirons were fastened, twelve about the shoulders and six at the feet of the body. The sailors quietly lifted the head of the board, and it slipped to the bottom of the river. Pinkerton tipped the sailors liberally, enjoined them to eternal secrecy, and they returned to the gunboat. The next day he told the Secretary of War: "Sir, your orders have been obeyed", and received a hearty, "Thank You," and never another word was said.

Pinkerton also discussed how, late in the days of Andrew Johnson in the White House, Edwin Booth, at the earnest demands of the Booth mother, had requested President Johnson to "permit the exhuming" of the remains of Wilkes, from among the few secret graves at the rear of that old guardhouse, that she might have the satisfaction of holding church services, and have it laid away in the Booth family burial plot in Baltimore. This request was quickly granted, a body was dug up, placed in an elaborate casket, and sent to the devoted mother. Edwin Booth never asked any questions as to the identity of the remains.

And I have seen the headstone in that Catholic cemetery, bearing the inscription as ordered by that devoted mother.

Col. W. H. Hornaday,
Veterans Home, Calif.

W. H. Hornaday, P. C.
Chas. S. McNeil, S. V. P. C.
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P. Dept. Chief Must. O.

LINCOLN LORE

No. 160

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

May 2, 1932

LINCOLN LORE

BULLETIN OF
THE LINCOLN
HISTORICAL
RESEARCH
FOUNDATION



ENDOWED BY
THE LINCOLN
NATIONAL LIFE
INSURANCE
COMPANY

Dr. Louis A. Warren Editor

IDENTIFICATION OF JOHN WILKES BOOTH

There are many questions still in dispute about the assassination of Abraham Lincoln but no one to our knowledge has ever suggested that John Wilkes Booth was not the assassin.

On the other hand, no tradition associated with the assassination has received so much support from Lincoln students, and men of note, as the rumor that Booth was never captured. It is said he died in Oklahoma in 1903 bearing the name of David E. George, alias John St. Helen.

One who will go to the trouble to review the press reports of the capture and the testimonies leading to absolute identification of the man shot in Garrett's stable will have no doubt as to whose body is buried in the Booth family lot in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, Maryland.

Initials on Hand

On April 29, 1865, the day after Booth was shot, the New York Herald carried this dispatch, "The identification of the body of Booth, the murderer, was rendered complete to-day by his initials 'J. W. B.' tattooed in India ink upon his wrist."

Charles Dawson, clerk at the National Hotel where Booth often stopped, was present at the autopsy on board the gunboat where Booth's body was being held. He swore that on many occasions when Booth had signed the hotel register that he had observed the initials "J. W. B." on his right hand.

The Mark of the Scalpel

Dr. J. Frederick May, who was called to identify Booth, said before seeing the body that there would be a scar upon the muscle of the left side of his neck three inches below the ear, caused by the removal of a tumor. The scar was found as described by Dr. May and he identified it as the result of a scalpel he had used in performing the operation.

Two Gold Fillings

A well-known Washington dentist, Dr. Merrill, had filled two of Booth's teeth just a few days before the assassination of President Lincoln. Dr. Merrill remembered his work for Booth and he was called to identify the work he had done for the actor. The fillings were fully identified by the dentist.

The Broken Leg

It is well-known that when Booth jumped to the stage after his mur-

derous assault one of the bones in his right leg was fractured. When the autopsy was made by General Barnes on the body of the man supposed to be Booth it was discovered that the "lower right limb was greatly contused, and perfectly black from a fracture of one of the long bones of the leg."

General Appearance

At least nine people who had known Booth were asked to view the body before it was interred so that those in charge of the autopsy felt that the identification of the body had been complete and others who might have assisted in the identification were not needed.

The Bounty Paid

The United States Government was satisfied with the identification of John Wilkes Booth and a committee of claims from the House of Representatives made the report on July 26, 1866, and two days later an appropriation was made to pay the rewards offered for the capture of the assassin of Abraham Lincoln. E. J. Conger, detective, received \$15,000, and the remainder of the \$75,000 was divided between 32 other men. Thirty thousand dollars additional was paid to the captors of Atzerodt and Payne.

Burial in Family Lot

On April 28, Edwin Booth, brother of John Wilkes Booth, arrived in Washington and asked for the body of his brother, but the press dispatches stated that "The request will not be granted." No member of the Booth family questioned the fact that the body held was that of the assassin. The body was not turned over to the family at this time.

About three years later, however, Edwin Booth wrote to President Johnson requesting the body, and it was delivered to him as the series of exhibits which follow will reveal. That the family was satisfied with the identification of the body at this time is evident.

(Exhibit 1) New York
February 10, 1869.

Andrew Johnson, Esq.,
President of the United States.

Dear Sir: May I not now ask your kind consideration of my poor mother's request in relation to her son's remains?

The bearer of this—Mr. John Weaver—is Sexton of Christ Church, Baltimore, who will observe the strictest secrecy in this matter—and you may rest assured that none of my family desire its publicity.

Unable to visit Washington, I have deputed Mr. Weaver, in whom I have the fullest confidence, and I beg that you will not delay in ordering the body to be given to his care.

He will retain it—placing it in his vault—until such time as we can remove other members of our family to the Baltimore Cemetery and thus prevent any special notice of it.

There is also—I am told—a trunk of his at the National Hotel which I once applied for but was refused—it being under seal of the War Department; it may contain relics of the poor misguided boy—which would be dear to his sorrowing Mother and of no use to anyone. Your Excellency would greatly lessen a crushing weight of grief that is hurrying my Mother to the grave by giving immediate orders for the safe delivery of the remains of John Wilkes Booth to Mr. Weaver and gain the lasting gratitude of

Yr. Obt. Servt.,

(Signed) Edwin Booth.

(Exhibit 2)
Brevet Maj. Gen. George D. Ramsey,
Commanding Washington Arsenal.

Sir: The President directs that the body of John Wilkes Booth, interred at the Washington Arsenal, be delivered to Mr. John Weaver, Sexton of Christ Church, Baltimore, Md., for the purpose of having it removed and properly interred. Please report the execution of this order.

I am, &c.,

E. D. T.,
A. A. G.

(Exhibit 3)
Maj. Gen. E. D. Townsend,
Assistant Adjutant General,
U. S. Army
Washington, D. C.

Sir: I have the honor to report that the body of John Wilkes Booth was on Monday afternoon, the 15th inst. delivered to the person designated in the order of the President of the United States of the same date. I am, sir,

Very respectfully,

Your Obt. Servant,
Brevet. Major General,
U. S. Army, Commanding.

(Exhibit 4)

"In volume 25 of the Greenmount Cemetery records, Baltimore, may be found the original permit, numbered 16821 and dated February 18, 1869, issued to J. H. Weaver, undertaker, to inter in lots 9 and 10, Dogwood, the body of J. W. Booth."

Erit Booth!

On April 27 a lengthy editorial in the Albany (New York) Herald ended with this significant paragraph, which might well be used as the conclusion of this monograph.

"Exit Booth! With the world for a stage and ages as spectators, chosen to enact a damnable deed, and approving his fitness for the horrid mission, the actor has performed his part. The fantastic mockery of heroism; the false glitter of a theatric combination; brandished dagger, sharpened for the heart of him who bore it,—have all figured in the dreadful scenes. The tragedy which began with a blow at the pillars of a Republic, closed with a funeral tableau in a burning barn. Let the curtain fall!"

Man Who Guarded Booth Says His Body Was Sunk in River

SAN DIEGO, Calif. (INS).—Once again a new version of the disposal of the body of John Wilkes Booth, assassinator of Abraham Lincoln, crops up, and this time J. W. Edwards, Civil war veteran, residing at Fullerton, Calif., gives his version of the affair.

According to Edwards, who was a sergeant of the guard at the Washington jail at the time, the body was spirited out of the jail by men representing themselves as secret service operatives.

The body was tied on a plank and four cannon balls chained to it and then sunk in the Potomac river, Edwards said.

"Booth was shot by a man named Boston Corbett," Edwards related, "and his body was given in my charge in the jail.

"Several days later and at night three men came to the jail and told me they were from the secret service department, took the body, laid it on a plank and tied four heavy cannon balls to it.

"They then took the body and sunk it out of sight in the Potomac river.

"I also was within 20 feet of the scaffold where the Lincoln conspirators were hanged," Edwards stated.

Edwards was in company F, 14th Indiana Infantry.

PHILADELPHIA
Cool, Nov 6/18/32

GUARDED BOOTH; SAYS BODY WAS SUNK IN RIVER

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JOHN WILKES BOOTH

Editor Everybody's Column: Is there any truth in the story that John Wilkes Booth was not shot after the assassination of Lincoln, but that he escaped and lived for years under various aliases?

M. M. S.

There have been many persons who claimed to know Booth escaped and lived in various parts of the United States, and there have been men who have claimed they were Booth. All these tales have been discredited. According to authoritative information, Booth was shot and mortally wounded by Sergeant Boston Corbett, of the 16th New York Cavalry, at 3.15 A. M., Wednesday, April 26, 1865, when he tried to escape from a burning barn on a farm of a family named Garratt, near Bowling Green and Fort Royal, Va., where he had hidden after his escape from Ford's Theatre, Washington, where he had mortally wounded President Lincoln at 10.20 P. M., April 14, 1865. Booth died two and a quarter hours after being shot. The bullet from the heavy pistol in the hands of Corbett entered Booth's head just below the right ear and came out about an inch above the left ear. The body was secretly buried in a grave under the stone floor of a cell in the arsenal side of Washington Penitentiary. After four years the body was disinterred and reburied in the Booth family plot in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, Md.

The records of Greenmount Cemetery show that John Wilkes Booth was buried in the Booth family plot there on June 6, 1869.

According to the records of the Maryland Historical Society, Booth's body was taken to Baltimore from Washington on February 18 of the same year and was kept in a vault at Greenmount until final interment.

"The family fully identified the body as that of John Wilkes Booth, all statements to the contrary notwithstanding," a statement from the records of the historical society declares.

3-3-1-33

there
1-5-86
JOHN WILKES' GRAVE
Of course, the most interesting of the Booth graves and the one for which the majority of visitors ask, is that of the unfortunate John Wilkes. It is to the south of the monument and is unmarked by stone or mound. Here, where the casual visitor would not even know there as a grave, lies the man whose ambition was to be the Brutus of the South.

Despite the story from time to time revived of Booth's escape and living for years after under an assumed name, there is no doubt he is really buried here. His body was originally secretly interred in a prison in Washington, where it lay until the latter part of President Johnson's term when on the application of his mother, his brother, Edwin, and his sister, Asia, it was given to his mother and brought to Baltimore to the undertaking establishment of a man named Weaver, under whose direction it was subsequently buried in the family lot at Greenmount. Henry W. Mears, who is still living in Baltimore and who succeeded to Mr. Weaver's business, vouches for the complete identification of the body which was made by intimate acquaintances of Booth. Mr. Mears himself was a boyhood friend of John Wilkes Booth and was one of the band of boys with whom the embryo actor gave shows in a cellar in the neighborhood of his home. It was to Mr. Mears that Edwin Booth entrusted the arrangement and marking of the graves in the lot purchased in Greenmount Cemetery. When the former met Booth by appointment in Philadelphia to report how his instructions had been carried out, he asked, "Now, Mr. Booth, what about the grave of John Wilkes?" Booth hesitated a moment, then said in a deep, brusque tone, "Let that remain as it is." *Baltimore Sun*

ELIZABETH PATTERSON

Defense Of Harbor Recalls Monitor Montauk

Body Of Lincoln's Slayer Spirited Away From Old Craft

By Commander Louis J. Gulliver, USN., Ret.

The birthday of Lincoln next Thursday is a good time to call to mind and to make record of an almost unknown connection between Portland and the man who killed Lincoln,—John Wilkes Booth. The facts of this connection revolve around the United States Monitor Montauk that was assigned to the harbor defense of Portland for the duration of the War with Spain, in the Spring and Summer of 1898.

Field Booth's Body

The monitor Montauk served as the coffin of Booth. It was to her lower deck that the Army soldiers who caught up with him in the old tobacco barn in Virginia brought him in the secrecy of night and laid his dead body, covered only with a navy tarpaulin. Quickly, it was officially reported, Booth's remains were "changing rapidly."

The monitor Montauk is remembered sentimentally by the older generation of Portland people and many also from down the State. She is the only man of war to have ever been specifically stationed in this port for naval defense in time of war. A closer link than that ties the Montauk to Portland's history; she was manned for the most part by Portland naval militia officers and men—predominantly volunteers.

When the Montauk arrived in Portland harbor in the Spring of '98, she was one of a flotilla of Civil War monitors, all close to 40 years of age. At the time of Lincoln's assassination, April 14th, the Montauk was lying at a wharf at the Navy Yard's Washington. Immediately, she was singled out to receive the body of Booth, dead or alive, if and when he could be captured.

This order, (referring to the Montauk), was sent out by the Secretary of the Navy: "If the military authorities arrest the murderer of the President and take him to the Navy Yard, put him in a monitor and anchor her out in the stream with strong guard on vessel, wharf, and navy yard. Call on the Marines for extra guards. Have monitor ready to receive the criminal at any hour, day or night. He will be heavily ironed and so guarded as to prevent escape or injury to himself."

"The War Department wishes special attention to this. Have a guard at the gate. Keep a boat in constant readiness so that the prisoner can be safely gotten on board."

The Montauk was not to need all these guards, as matters eventuated. In fact there was no reason at all for adhering to the plan if imprisoning Booth on board this ironclad warship—once it became known that Booth had died from a gunshot wound. He was the Army's prisoner and as such, his body ought normally have been placed in an Army fort in Washington.

Lincoln's murder caused such intense grief and made everyone in the War Department so jittery that it was a case of 'order; counterorder; disorder.' There was fear on the part of the Cabinet officers that the body of Booth might be spirited away and that the conspirators confined on the Montauk might be "sprung." The Navy ordered: "Put a ball and chain

what was up "the body of Booth was so suddenly and unexpectedly removed to the waiting boat at the Montauk's gangway which conveyed it away that I had no opportunity of reporting the fact before the deed was accomplished."

The navy yard commandant plaintively reported:—"This unusual transaction deprived me of the opportunity of inclosing the body in a box prepared for it as ordered by the Navy Department." The box is now on board the Montauk and ready for delivery when called for."

Officers Accused

The Montauk's officers came close to getting into serious trouble on account of their custodianship of the body of John Wilkes Booth. Their offense, as charged, was they permitted persons to come on board to gaze on his remains. This was contrary to hard and fast orders issued by the War and Navy Departments.

Worse still, the Montauk's officers were accused of making off with a lock of Booth's black hair. (In those far off days, it was the style to preserve a lock of the hair of the deceased.)

Somebody, probably not connected with the Montauk, did in fact cut off some of Booth's hair while he lay on the monitor's deck and made away with it.

The remains of Wilkes Booth, after they were 'smuggled' out of the Montauk, were supposed to have been interred under a heavy stone inside the parade ground of the Army Arsenal in Washington. This fact did not deter some showmen several years ago from touring the Country with the 'true body of John Wilkes Booth.' A lot of tickets were sold to people who wanted to gaze on the face of the most famous American assassin in history.

The crew of the Montauk saw the bona fide Booth free but they had to put up with the fact he "was changing rapidly."

on each ankle of prisoner Palne."

Could Tell Strange Tale

If the old Montauk in Portland harbor could have talked she would have related the strange methods ordered by the Secretary of War to prevent the conspirator—prisoners from seeing or hearing anything. Sec. of War Stanton caused the Montauk's officers to make canvas bags to go over the head of each prisoner and tied around their necks. His order specified:—"Prisoners on board the Montauk, for better security against conversation, shall have canvas bags put over the head of each and tied around the neck; with a hole in the bag for breathing and eating but not for seeing."

The old Montauk could also tell how after midnight, three days after Booth's death, the Army officers virtually smuggled his unembalmed remains on board. It was no wonder that the Navy commander telegraphed the Department: "The body of Booth, now on board the ironclad monitor Montauk, is changing rapidly. What disposition shall be made of it?"

Both the Secretary of War Stanton and Secretary of the Navy Welles made reply. The Montauk was to have the body placed in a box and seal it carefully, the Secretaries ordered, and the Montauk's carpenter made the box.

And then something extraordinary happened on board the Montauk. An army detachment,—saying not a word of 'by your leave' or showing no authority, climbed aboard the monitor and before the marine sentry knew

LINCOLN LORE

Bulletin of the Lincoln National Life Foundation - - - - - Dr. Louis A. Warren, Editor.
Published each week by The Lincoln National Life Insurance Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Number 420

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

April 26, 1937

BURIALS OF BOOTH

A mummified body claimed to be that of John Wilkes Booth was offered in 1920 to the publishers of *The Dearborn Independent* for the sum of \$1,000. Mr. F. L. Black was assigned to the task of thoroughly investigating the claims of Finis L. Bates of Memphis, Tennessee, owner of the mummy and author of a book attempting to show that Booth was never captured.

Mr. Black spent many months running down traditions which claimed that the assassin of Lincoln escaped. He proved that the Bates story and similar efforts were wholly unreliable. One who has talked with Mr. Black or read his convincing articles printed in *The Dearborn Independent* during 1925, will have no doubt as to the capture of John Wilkes Booth in the Garrett barn on April 26, 1865.

It is doubtful if many murderers carried in their pockets and on their very bodies more marks of absolute identification than did Booth. A pin removed from his shirt when it was unbuttoned to allow him to breathe more freely after he was shot bore this inscription, "Dan Bryant to J. W. Booth." From his pockets a diary was taken in which he had written in his own hand, episodes of his escape. A check was also found in his purse made out to John Wilkes Booth.

On Wednesday afternoon, February 10, 1937, the editor of *Lincoln Lore* interviewed at Baltimore, Maryland, a Mr. Henry W. Mears, who witnessed the interment of the body of John Wilkes Booth in his fourth and final burial place. The interview with Mr. Mears was directly responsible for the gathering of information for this copy of *Lincoln Lore*.

John Wilkes Booth was shot at 2:30 a. m. on the morning of April 26, and died at 7 a. m. on the porch of the Garrett home to which place he had been removed shortly after the shooting. The body was wrapped in an army blanket and later the bound corpse was sewed in a gunny sack. It was placed in a wagon and taken from the Garrett home near Port Royal in Caroline County, Virginia, to the Potomac River where it was placed on the steamer John S. Ide. A tug was sent out from Washington to meet the steamer and the body of Booth was transferred to it at 10:40 o'clock that night. The monitor, Montauk, was ordered from the navy yard to pull out into the eastern branch of the Anacostia and here at 1:45 a. m. the day following Booth's death, the body was transferred from the tug to the war ship. Here at 11:00 a. m. an autopsy was made and a coroner's inquest was held. The clerk at the Washington hotel where Booth usually stayed positively identified him by the initials "J. W. B." tattooed in India ink on the right hand between the thumb and forefinger. A physician who had treated Booth for a small tumor on his neck identified him by the peculiar scar that it had left.

Several persons who knew the assassin personally agreed without a moment's hesitation that the body was that of the actor John Wilkes Booth. With the initial pin, the diary and the check in his name, supplemented by the initials on his hand, the scar on his neck and the filling in a tooth, is it possible to conceive of a more dependable and irrefutable identification?

If there be a mystery associated with the decease of Booth it does not relate directly to him but to the strange and unusual methods which intelligent men have pursued in an attempt to perpetuate an utterly groundless myth which claims that the man who killed Abraham Lincoln was never apprehended.

The First Interment—1865

The body of Booth, now fully identified, was again wrapped in the same clothes and about 3 o'clock in the afternoon under the direction of Captain Baker, two men in a row boat took the body to the east side of the ar-

senal grounds. Here it was temporarily deposited under guard in a semi-enclosure called the Summer House.

As the midnight hour was being called by the sentries, the store keeper of the arsenal, Mr. Stebbins, and four men placed the body on a wagon bed and removed it to a storage room with a dirt floor, forty by fifty feet, in the old penitentiary. A shallow excavation had been made in the extreme southeast corner of the large room. In the meantime a box had been prepared by order of the Secretary of the Navy and had been set in the grave. The body of Booth, still wrapped in blanket and gunny sack, was placed in the box and the grave was covered on a level with the floor.

Storehouse Depository—1867

In 1867, the building standing over the grave of Booth was razed to provide room for the War College and office quarters. The body of Booth was exhumed and removed to a large storehouse situated on the eastern side of the arsenal grounds. Here he was placed beside the bodies of the four conspirators who also had paid the penalty with their lives. The name Booth was painted on the box containing his body to positively identify it from the others.

Burial in the Weaver Vault—1869

On February 18, 1869, by permission of President Johnson, the body of John Wilkes Booth was removed to Baltimore. The remains were in charge of a Baltimore undertaker, J. H. Weaver. Harvey and Marr, Washington undertakers, were called upon to assist Mr. Weaver. Edwin Booth, brother of John Wilkes, accompanied the undertakers to the place of interment at the store house. Upon the return to the Washington undertaker's establishment, the box marked "Booth" was opened and the dentist who had filled Booth's teeth made a satisfactory identification. Edwin Booth then had the body placed in a plain casket and removed to Baltimore.

The morning after the arrival of the body at Weaver's undertaking rooms, in Baltimore, Mr. Henry C. Wagner and William M. Pegram, viewed the body. Mr. Pegram made this statement for the press: "Mr. Wagner and I looked at the body as it lay dressed in the suit of clothes in which he had been shot. On the right leg was a long calvary boot coming up to the knee. The left leg was disjointed at both the knee and ankle The skin was still drawn tightly over the grizzly skull, which showed the splendid teeth for which Booth was noted, there being only a single filling which was identified by the dentist who did the work. The coal black hair which rolled back from the forehead had grown nearly a foot. The family fully identified the body as that of John Wilkes Booth, all doubts to the contrary notwithstanding." The above testimony was also confirmed by Henry C. Wagner, who stated, "I hereby certify that the said statement is absolutely correct." The body was placed by Mr. Weaver, the undertaker, in his own vault in Greenmount Cemetery.

Burial in the Booth Lot—1869

Mr. Henry W. Mears, who witnessed the final interment of the assassin, states that the Booth lot was originally in the old Baltimore Cemetery but in 1869 a lot was acquired in Greenmount Cemetery. The body of John Wilkes Booth was taken from the Weaver vault on June 26 and placed in the lot with other members of the Booth family and his name appears on the family stone with the others. Mr. Mears affirmed, "I saw the body of John Wilkes Booth lowered into the grave." For many years he had charge of the lot and at one time, upon the request of Edwin Booth, he was commissioned to beautify the lot. Mr. Mears said each grave was discussed and when they came to the grave of John Wilkes Booth, Edwin Booth turned to him and said, "Let it remain as it is, unmarked."

HENRY MEARS, UNDERTAKER, DIES AT HOME

Dean Of City Funeral Directors Would Have Been 91 Christmas Day

Insisted He Had Proof John Wilkes Booth Was Buried In Greenmount

Henry Wise Mears, dean of Baltimore funeral directors who always insisted he had authoritative proof that John Wilkes Booth, assassin of Abraham Lincoln, was buried in Greenmount Cemetery, died yesterday at his home, 3800 Juniper road, Guilford. He would have been 91 years old Christmas Day.

Mr. Mears, who also was the oldest living past exalted ruler of the Baltimore Lodge of Elks, had charge of the funeral of Booth's mother, his two sisters and another son.

He came into national prominence in 1925 when he contradicted Col. James Hamilton Davidson, of Chicago, commander of the One Hundred and Twenty-second Infantry during the Civil War, who contended that John Wilkes Booth was buried in the basement of a warehouse in Portsmouth, Va., when Colonel Davidson was in command there.

Born In Baltimore

The son of Edward Mears, Mr. Mears was born in Baltimore December 25, 1847, and received his education in the public schools, graduating from the Baltimore High School, now the City College. Mr. Mears' father also was a funeral director.

Mr. Mears later entered the employ of John H. Weaver, a funeral director, a business he subsequently purchased. Four friends of Mr. Weaver, persons who knew John Wilkes Booth, identified Booth's body, Mr. Mears always contended, as it lay in a coffin in Weaver's establishment on Holliday street.

These four men were friends of the Booth family, Mr. Mears contended. They were Major William Pegram, Daniel Haggerty, a magistrate at the Central Police Station; Basil Moxley, a doorkeeper at the Holliday Street Theater, frequented by Booth, and a fourth man whose identity Mr. Mears failed to remember.

Mr. Mears said John Wilkes Booth is buried at the rear of the tall shaft in the middle of the Booth family lot.

In 1870 Mr. Mears' father retired from business and Mr. Mears took it over. From 1868 to 1873 he was a member of No. 1 Hook and Ladder Company of the old volunteer fire department. He was a charter member

(Continued on Page 9, Column 4)

Dean Of Baltimore Funeral Directors Dies



HENRY W. MEARS

HENRY WISE MEARS, UNDERTAKER, DIES

Dean Of City Funeral Directors Would Have Been 91 Christmas Day

(Continued from Page 22)

of the Baltimore Firemen's Relief Association formed in 1878 and was its treasurer from then, until several years ago, when he retired.

Although he never held public office he was a confidant of Democratic political leaders of his day and was frequently consulted by them on party affairs. He was a member of the Elks for forty-nine years. Among the posts he held in that organization was chairman of the board of the grand trustees, a national group. He also was responsible for the purchase of land at Bedford, Va., upon which the Elks' National Home was built. In 1929 the local lodge gave a testimonial dinner in honor of Mr. Mears' forty years' membership. He also was a member of the board of the Loyola Savings and Loan Association.

Until six months ago Mr. Mears was a familiar figure in downtown Baltimore. Each night he left his home alone to tour the business district, ending his evening at the Elks Club, where inevitably he was the center of

a group of men many years younger than he. He argued that association with younger persons kept men from growing old.

Strength Began To Fail

Six months ago, although his faculties remained unimpaired, Mr. Mears' strength began to fail and he remained at home. He moved about his home daily, however, and was active Wednesday.

He is survived by four daughters, Sister Mary Magdalene Depazzi, of the House of God's Shepherd, and the Misses Emma, Ella C. and Mary M. Mears; two sons, Henry W. Mears, Jr. and Samuel R. Mears, and two grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held Monday at 9.15 A. M. at St. Ignatius' Catholic Church, where a low requiem mass will be said. Burial will be in the New Cathedral Cemetery.

HENRY W. MEARS FUNERAL CONDUCTED

Requiem Mass For Dean Of Baltimore Undertakers Said At St. Ignatius Church

Funeral services for Henry Wise Mears, dean of Baltimore funeral directors, were held today at his home at 3800 Juniper road. Mr. Mears, who was 91 years old, died at his home on Friday.

Following the services at the home, a requiem mass, at which the Rev. Morgan A. Downcy, S. J., officiated, was said at St. Ignatius' Church. Burial was in the New Cathedral Cemetery.

Lodge Delegation Attends

Among those who attended the services were a delegation of Elks, of which organization Mr. Mears was a past exalted ruler, and representatives of the Maryland State Funeral Directors' Association. The active pallbearers were officials of the Loyola Building Association, of which Mr. Mears was a director.

Mr. Mears, who arranged the funeral of the mother of John Wilkes Booth, achieved national prominence when he asserted that Abraham Lincoln's assassin had been buried in Greenmount Cemetery here and not in Portsmouth, Va., as had been previously supposed.

Surviving Mr. Mears are his four daughters, Sister Mary Magdalene Depazzi, and the Misses Emma, Ella C. and Mary Mears, and two sons, Henry W., Jr. and Samuel R. Mears.

Mr. W. J. Phillips, Jr.
Lincoln Lore

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Bulletin of the Lincoln National Life Foundation - - - - - Dr. Louis A. Warren, Editor
Published each week by The Lincoln National Life Insurance Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana

Number 514

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

February 13, 1939

BOOTH AND "THE TRAGIC ERA"

The unusual number of new books on the life of John Wilkes Booth which have recently appeared, and the widely exhibited old mummy misrepresented as his dead body have given to Booth a degree of respectability. When the results of his vile deed and murderous conspiracy are fully understood, he stands out as America's All Time Public Enemy Number One. No single act by an individual has wrought such havoc in the nation.

This man Booth by his assassination of President Lincoln largely changed a period of sympathetic and constructive adjustment, already planned by a wise and efficient executive, into a "Tragic Era". With peace achieved and hostilities at an end, with a gracious surrender by Lee and magnanimous terms submitted by Grant, the whole nation was ready for a new day of better understanding and good will.

While the north was rejoicing, naturally, that the war had come to a close after four long years of fraternal strife, while the people were in the very midst of a celebration not unlike the Armistice Day pageantry of 1918, the whole nation was shocked and bewildered by the terrible news that President Lincoln had been assassinated and that other high officials had been attacked.

The unanimous conclusion drawn by the people of the north, with hardly a dissenting voice, and verified by contemporary newspapers was that civil and military authorities of the south had planned and carried out the conspiracy to divest the north of its chief executives. Of course it was discovered later on that southern officials had no part whatsoever in the assassination plot and that most of them greatly lamented the tragedy. Public Sentiment, however, the most potent factor in a democracy, had already accepted the accusations against the south as true, and denials, as usual, had little weight in correcting the decisions already made.

The outburst of passion in the north over this vicious and murderous assault on the President and his associates was greatly accentuated by the reason of its having occurred during the Easter season. The close of the war, for which the churches had been praying, was then an accomplished fact. Never before had the churches made such elaborate plans for the celebration of Easter Sunday, and the messages that day were to have contributed mightily to the cementing of the former hostile sections of the country together again. There was to be but one theme throughout the whole nation and that was to be expressed through the joy and happiness which peace had brought.

By Saturday, April 14, the day before Easter, most of the sermons were prepared, and they were probably the most eloquent Easter discourses ever written in America. Already the decorations in the churches were being arranged. The other places of assembly and even the homes and business houses were clothed in the national colors. All was in readiness for a glorious Easter. Then the news came that Abraham Lincoln had been struck down by a foul assassin, and that the President had died without regaining consciousness that morning.

There has never been in all the history of the country such a day of weeping as that day before Easter. Down came the white streamers of the church festivals, down came the national colors, and every symbol of joy and happiness disappeared, for a nation was about to go into deep mourning. Public buildings and private dwelling places were soon shrouded in black. The Easter sermons were laid aside, and feverishly the clergymen began to write messages in which they called for adequate and swift justice, and, in most instances, pointed a guilty finger at the south.

Public sentiment was quick to express itself, and many personal assaults were made on those who failed to show

proper signs of grief over the death of the President. A new battle-cry was heard in the north and, conscious of the demands for an immediate hearing, a military court convened which assured the impatient people that justice would be meted out and satisfaction given. Just how much this much-abused military court helped to smother the growing anger in the north may never be known and fully appreciated.

The great masses of people learned that the body of the martyred President would be returned to his old home in Illinois, which necessitated the removal of the body through many of the largest cities of the nation. Immediately there was a demand from these large centers of population that they be allowed to participate in memorial exercises when the body arrived in their respective cities. These programs paved the way for the most remarkable funeral procession ever witnessed.

A million people are said to have viewed the remains of the dead Lincoln, a greater number than had ever before looked on a lifeless body. What would be the natural reaction of each individual who viewed the remains of the slain man? With public sentiment already at fever heat, thus fed and nourished with a new resentment, it is not difficult to account for the attitude of mind that brought on "The Tragic Era." The wonder of it is that the infuriated people did not perform some overt mass attack on the innocent populace of the south.

The political aspects of Booth's diabolical act likewise seems to have been given little consideration. The party in power at the time the war was consummated was the Union party, not the Republican party as is often alleged. It was a combination party of loyal Union Republicans and loyal Union Democrats who elected Lincoln and Johnson in 1864. Lincoln represented the former group and Johnson the latter. It is reasonable to expect that if Lincoln had lived, the Union party which had brought the war to a successful conclusion would have continued to function. Booth changed the entire political picture of the Reconstruction era by exterminating the one man in the nation capable of controlling the radical element of the north and subduing the ambitious carpet-bagger.

When Abraham Lincoln, who represented the majority group in the new Union party, went down, Andrew Johnson, the minorities' choice for the second place on the Union ticket, was elevated to the Presidency. This was the beginning of trouble and, regardless of all other cleavages and differences of opinion which arose, down beneath the turmoil were the old party alignments finding expression, and there emerged the contending factions which soon rallied under old party banners with the stricken southland the victim of further economic exploitation.

The far-reaching effect of Booth's unforgivable crime is summarized by four affirmative statements and a logical conclusion:

Booth murdered the man best qualified by position, executive ability, and sympathetic understanding to plan and execute a just program of Reconstruction; Booth infuriated the north and put in the hearts of the people, already willing to forget, a new hatred for their former enemies; Booth brought down upon the south the blame for a vicious conspiracy of which it was innocent; Booth broke up the political party in power by the removal of its accepted leader, which brought distrust and impeachment proceedings.

One man who could do so much evil by one vicious stroke surely must have been the nation's worst public enemy. To John Wilkes Booth more than to any other one man may be traced the deed that gave birth to the major social and political evils which contributed so much to "The Tragic Era."

Sirs:

"Just where John Wilkes Booth was laid to rest no one knows for sure." This statement in your Pictures to the Editors column (LIFE, Jan. 10) is herewith contradicted.

John Wilkes Booth's grave is in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore. I have visited it many times through the years,



BOOTH GRAVE IN BALTIMORE

and always have found a rose bush or a fresh bouquet of flowers kept there by some woman who had read his sad story.

Before Booth died of his wounds on the front porch of the Garrett House in Caroline County, Va., he was identified by David E. Herold, his companion in flight and captured with him in the barn. When the body of the dead man was brought to Washington and turned over to the War Department, an autopsy was held in the presence of the judge advocate general and the surgeon general of the Army. Present were friends, professional men, soldiers and others who knew Booth intimately. They all identified the body as that of John Wilkes Booth.

The body was buried in a pine box in the arsenal on the grounds of the present Army War College, by orders of Secretary Stanton and in the presence of the surgeon of the post, Dr. George Loring Porter, who left several documentary accounts of the incident. In

February 1869, President Johnson ordered the body delivered to Edwin Booth. It was taken to Baltimore and there, in the presence of the Booth family and John T. Ford and others who had known the assassin long years, once again identified. Booth's wife was among those present and she identified the body of her husband "by marks on his person known only to her."

After the last identification, the corpse was placed in a fine casket, along with the bodies of his infant brothers who had been disinterred from the farm at Bel Air. In the presence of a large group of persons and in broad daylight the casket was interred. The burial was widely published in the Baltimore and other newspapers, and no secret was made of it. The Episcopal rector who read the burial service—Booth being a communicant of that denomination—was dismissed from his pulpit for performing this last rite for the poor, brilliant, insane actor.

DAVID RANKIN BARBEE

Washington, D. C.

● Despite the solid documentation here arrayed by Mr. Barbee, the legend of doubt has enough vitality to support a traveling medicine show which features a well-preserved cadaver, alleged to be John Wilkes Booth's own (LIFE, July 11, 1938).—ED.

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Was Lincoln's Killer Caught?

What happened to John Wilkes Booth after he shot President Lincoln?

Harry O. Knerr, 135 S. 8th St., Allentown, a student of Lincoln for many years, corresponded with most of the better-known biographers of the 16th President to get at the facts.

Among his correspondence is a letter from David Homer Bates, author of "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office," in which the death of John Wilkes and his relationship to his famous father and brothers is discussed. This letter, dated April 14, 1926, is as follows:

Sixty-one years ago Lincoln was shot in Ford's Theatre, Washington, D. C., by John Wilkes Booth, during the next morning in the Petersen House across the street from the Theatre.

Nicolay and Hay tell of the tragic end of those in the Lincoln box including Mrs. Lincoln, who became mentally unbalanced shortly before her death in 1882.

The other occupants of the box were Clara Harris, the daughter of Senator Ira Harris of New York, and her future husband, Col. Henry R. Rathbone. Harris had married the mother of Col. Rathbone. This established a curious relation between Clara Harris and Col. Rathbone which was made closer when they married later. They had three children, two sons and a daughter, the latter, Mrs. Randolph dying six years ago. One of the sons, Henry R. Rathbone, is Congressman at large from Illinois. Col. Rathbone and his wife went to Germany in the 80's and both died there.

John Wilkes Booth was shot at Garrett's Virginia farm on April 1865, by Boston Corbett, a private soldier, who formerly belonged to the old Allen Street Methodist Church in N. Y. City. I met Corbett in the summer of 1865 at a prayer meeting in Foundry Methodist Church, Washington, where he gave me his photograph and autograph. He moved west, and the newspapers reported that he died insane in Kansas City.

Twenty-five years ago a man named Finias L. Bates (no relation of mine) of Memphis, Tenn., published a book entitled "The Escape and Suicide of Booth," a copy of which I have, in which he claimed that Booth was not killed by Corbett but that he escaped and fled to Texas where under an assumed name, he lived for years removing later to Kansas City where he committed suicide. His embalmed body was offered to the Secretary of War who took no notice of the offer.

"Fairy Story" of Booth's Escape

The fairy story of Booth's escape found little or no credence although it is revived quite frequently even to this day. The custodian of Lincoln's tomb at Springfield, Ill., says he has seen accounts in the papers of five skulls and many embalmed bodies of Booth exhibits to the public at different times and places in the country. Booth's body was brought to Washington from Virginia and remains buried for a while under the floor of a store room in the old Arsenal building. It was identified by Surgeon Gen. Barnes, who performed an autopsy, also by the following — Major. Thos. T. Eckert and Charles A. Dana, both assistant Secretaries of War, and Col. L. C. Baker, Chief Detective, Thos. Morrison, cipher operator at the Arsenal, and by Booth's relatives and others.

In Feb. 1869, at the request of Edwin Booth, President Johnson, allowed the body to be taken to Mt. Union Cemetery, Baltimore, where it now rests near a monument of his illustrious father, Junius Brutus Booth.

The records of the War Dept. for April 1865, and Feb. 1869, will confirm the foregoing statements.

So many different versions of the disposition of Booth's body having appeared from time to time, it is well to refer thus to the official records of the Government and the Cemetery Company.

(The following never appeared in print.)

My comrade, Marion H. Kerner told me, that when a young man in Baltimore, belonged to an amateur theatrical club with the Booths — Junius Brutus Booth, the father, and Edwin and John Wilkes. Kerner said that at their rehearsals, the Booths always chose the tragic. Once he saw they were playing Gessler and Tell, Edwin acting as Gessler, John Wilkes as Tell and Kerner as the latter's son. When Tell had shot the apple off his son's head, Gessler asked him what he would have done if he had missed the apple and shot his son. Wilkes answered in a monotonous tone, "I would have aimed an arrow at thee, my King" — "No, No," said Junius Brutus, thrusting Wilkes aside. "That is not the proper rendering. This is the way Tell would answer: 'I would have killed thee, my King!' placing special emphasis on the pronoun thee."

Edwin Booth, the noted actor, was totally different in spirit and principle from his brother John Wilkes Booth. This fact is revealed in a letter to his friend, Col. Adam Badeau (on Grant's Staff) dated Cincinnati, April 16, 1865, two days after the death of Lincoln, in which he writes — "For the first time since the damnable intelligence stunned me that my brother, Wilkes, enacted the fearful, hellish, deed am I able to write. You must feel deeply the bitter agony I bear in being thus blotted in all my hopes by a villain, who seemed so lovable, and in whom all his family found a source of joy in his boyish and confiding nature."

"Abraham Lincoln was my President, for in pure admiration for his noble career and Christian principles, I did what I never did before, I voted for Him. Oh! How little did I dream, my boy, when on Friday night I was, as Sir Edward, exclaiming, 'Where is my honor now! Mountains of shame are piled upon me' that I was not acting, but uttering, the fearful truth."

I have in my possession a copy of the 1914 report of the Maryland Historical Magazine which on page 327 contains a paper entitled, "An Historical Identification of John Wilkes Booth" by William M. Pegram, who with his friend Henry C. Wagner, accompanied Edwin Booth to Mt. Union Cemetery, Baltimore, June 6, 1869, where Wilkes Booth's body was buried in the Booth plot.

This is Pegram's account.

"The body of John Wilkes Booth was brought to Baltimore on Feb. 18, 1869. It was taken to the establishment of Weaver, the undertaker, on Fayette St. near Gay, who prepared it for burial, and then placed it in his own vault in Mt. Union Cemetery where it remained until June 6th when it was finally buried in the Booth plot beside a monument erected to the memory of his illustrious father Junius Brutus Booth. On the morning after the arrival of the body in Baltimore, Mr. H. C. Wagner of that city, and I viewed it, lying in its casket. The body had been buried under the Penitentiary in the old arsenal grounds at the navy yard in Washington, a plain gun box having been used as a coffin. On the underside of the box lid had been placed with marking ink the single word "Booth" evidently in order to identify the remains should they ever be removed. Mr. Wagner and I looked at the body as it lay dressed in the suit in which he had been shot. On the right leg was a long cavalry boot, coming up to the knee. The left leg was disjointed both at the knee and ankle, the latter having been broken when he jumped from the box to the stage of the theatre after the shooting of Lincoln. The skin was still tightly drawn over the grinning skull, which showed the

spending teeth for which Booth was noted, there being only a single filling, which was identified by the dentist who did the work. The coal black hair which rolled back from the forehead had grown probably nearly a foot in length. The family fully identified the body of John Wilkes Booth, all doubts to the contrary notwithstanding."

Booth

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ack
10/31/69

October 29, 1970

Dr. R. Gerald McMurtry, Editor
Bulletin of The Lincoln National Life Foundation
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Dear Dr. McMurtry:

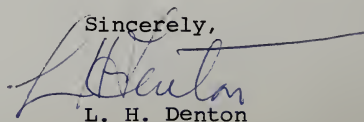
I am in the process of researching a long needed article on the final burial of John Wilkes Booth in Green Mount Cemetery here in Baltimore. The "unmarked grave" myth started so long ago by various uninformed writers has long since been dispelled, but the intriguing details of Booth's funeral service and burial are just now being brought to light. The assumption that Rev. Fleming James, who conducted the funeral service, has always been that he lost his parish (Episcopal) in New York because he was a part of the funeral service. This is now known to be false as Mr. Fleming had no church, but was Assistant Chaplain at St. Luke's Hospital in New York and after the funeral services went on to greater things in the Episcopal Church.

The reason I am writing you is to find out what you might have in the archives regarding Junius Brutus Booth, Sr., and his death and subsequent burial in Green Mount Cemetery. The facts regarding the elder Booth are most mysterious because we find now that he did not own a cemetery lot in Baltimore Cemetery where he was first buried, but was interred in a lot owned by a woman named Mary Ann Cozine (see attached photographs of the record). I arrived at the end of this blind alley and there I am stopped. Who was Mary Ann Cozine and why was the elder Booth buried in her lot?

If you have any data that might shed light on this unknown aspect of the burial, I will greatly appreciate hearing from you.

Please keep sending me Lincoln Lore, it is the best.

Sincerely,


L. H. Denton

Encls:

1	<p>Wm. Of. 5th Child - 1861 Anne Offutt 1865 Wm. A. Offutt 1863 Hattie M. Offutt 1872</p>	<p>Wm. H. Cozine - 1861</p>	1
2	<p>J. D. Booth - 1853 Jno. Cozine - 1861</p>	<p>93770 Lawrence A. Cross April 19, 1933</p>	2
3	<p>Mary A. Crozier - 1873</p>	<p>90384 Hattie V. Cross March 20, 1933</p>	3
4	<p>Jas. W. Cozine - 1884 Mary A. Cozine's - Children and Husband - 1853</p>	<p>89201 James G. Cross Feb. 23, 1931</p>	4

241

225

WALK

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

S 225 + 241 27-3 + 4 n.s.

Mary A. Cozine

Lot 225 11-7-78 Cozine, Wm. H. 1

Lot 241 1-28-73 Crozier, Mary A. 3

1-11-53 Booth, F. D. 2

7-26-61 Offutt, Wm. (Child) 1

5-4-84 Cozine, Geo. W. 4

6-8-53 Cozine's, Mary A, Children & Husband 4

5-22-63 Offutt, Wm. A. 1^e

7-24-72 Muirhead, Laddie 1^e

12-12-61 Cozine, Geo. 2

6-23-65 Offutt, Annie 1^w

Index LOT 225 6-9-23

Graves Butte Butte died Nov 1852 and buried 11/1/53. It is claimed
remains were moved to family lot in Greenmount before 1865

LOT 241 —

Graves Of The Great In Baltimore

Old Churchyards Of City
Often Found Separated
Only By Wall From
Busy Downtown Bustle

By LOUISE MALLOY

IN a busy business district of Baltimore one steps from the bustle of the twentieth century into the incongruous quiet of a generations-old churchyard, full of sunken graves and archaic tables of stone, some so ancient that the inscriptions cut upon them are almost indecipherable—Westminster Cemetery.

And yet to this spot of moss-grown memories and unpretentious monuments come pilgrims from all over the world, for it holds an international shrine—the grave of Edgar Allan Poe. Here rests all that is mortal of that unique genius whose life is one of the saddest tragedies of literary history, whose checkered and stormy career ended when he was picked up unconscious on the streets of Baltimore by strangers, his identity unknown, and carried to a city hospital where he died without a friend near to soothe his last hours.

BUILT OVER TOMBS

The graveyard of Westminster First Presbyterian Church at Bayette and Greene streets was laid out in 1786, but the church was not built until 1852. Families concerned objected to the removal of their dead, so the church was built on arches over the tombs, and it is believed to be the only church in America constructed in such a way.



The Booth lot in Greenmount Cemetery

Poe's grave originally was in the rear of the old churchyard and the modest stone placed there still stands. In 1875 Miss Sara Sigourney Rice, a teacher in the Western Female High School and an ardent admirer of Poe, started a movement among teachers and school children to raise a fund for the erection of a more suitable monument. When, by her untiring efforts, a sum had been raised, the amount still necessary was contributed by George W. Childs, the millionaire philanthropist. Poe's body was moved to its present place, the bodies of Mrs. Clemm, his devout aunt and mother-in-law, and his child-wife, Virginia, being buried by his side. At the dedication of this monument Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell and Tennyson wrote letters of eulogy of the poet, and Walt Whitman came in person to pay his tribute.

LONG NEGLECTED

But though this tardy memorial was erected, the grave was left in a neglected condition until 1925, when the Baltimore Press Club made an agreement with the First Presbyterian Church to take over its perpetual maintenance. A caretaker has been installed and a register for the names of visitors has been provided. Since the Press Club took charge over 87,000 persons have visited the grave. They come from every State in the Union and forty-five foreign countries, including India, China, Australia and Africa, and have contributed to make this grave in Westminster Cemetery an international shrine.

Next in interest to the Poe grave are those of the Booths, the most famous family of the American stage. The lot, which is beautifully kept, is in Greenmount Cemetery. A marble shaft, seven feet high and resting on a granite base stands in the center of the lot; upon one side is a finely modeled head of the elder Booth surrounded by a laurel wreath. Below it is the inscription, "In the same grave with Junius Brutus Booth is buried the body of Mary Ann, his wife, who survived him 33 years." On the south side of the monument is the inscription, "To the memory of the children of J. B. and Mary Ann Booth."

SOME BURIED ELSEWHERE

But all the children born to the couple are not buried here. Henry Byron died while his parents were on a visit

grave of Richard Booth, father of Junius Brutus.

Richard Booth, in his youth, wanted to come to America and fight in the war of independence, as he was an ardent Republican. His son brought him to the home near Belair, where he died and was buried in the little family burying ground on the place. When the lot in Greenmount was secured his remains, along with others, was taken there.

JOHN WILKES' GRAVE

Of course, the most interesting of the Booth graves and the one for which the majority of visitors ask, is that of the unfortunate John Wilkes. It is to the south of the monument and is unmarked by stone or mound. Here, where the casual visitor would not even know there as a grave, lies the man whose ambition was to be the Brutus of the South.

Despite the story from time to time revived of Booth's escape and living for years after under an assumed name, there is no doubt he is really buried here. His body was originally secretly interred in a prison in Washington, where it lay until the latter part of President Johnson's term when on the application of his mother, his brother, Edwin, and his sister, Asia, it was given to his mother and brought to Baltimore to the undertaking establishment of a man named Weaver, under whose direction it was subsequently buried in the family lot at Greenmount. Henry W. Mears, who is still living in Baltimore and who succeeded to Mr. Weaver's business, vouches for the complete identification of the body which was made by intimate acquaintances of Booth. Mr. Mears himself was a boyhood friend of John Wilkes Booth and was one of the band of boys with whom the embryo actor gave shows in a cellar in the neighborhood of his home. It was to Mr. Mears that Edwin Booth entrusted the arrangement and marking of the graves in the lot purchased in Greenmount Cemetery. When the former met Booth by appointment in Philadelphia to report how his instructions had been carried out, he asked, "Now, Mr. Booth, what about the grave of John Wilkes?" Booth hesitated a moment, then said in a deep, brusque tone, "Let that remain as it is."

Booth's descendants want body exhumed

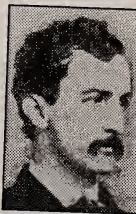
By STEVE MCGONIGLE
of the Dallas Morning News

WASHINGTON — A Texas legend led 22 descendants of John Wilkes Booth to ask a Baltimore judge yesterday to open his grave.

The relatives want a team of government scientists to examine the 129-year-old corpse to settle an old theory that Booth escaped a military manhunt and fled to Granbury, Texas, to run a saloon.

Doctors at the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology performed the April 1865 autopsy on the body of a man shot to death by federal troops at a farm near Bowling Green, Va. The body was identified as Booth, the man who shot Lincoln 12 days earlier in Ford's Theater in Washington.

Mark Zaid, a Washington attorney who represents Booth's relatives and two researchers, said the family wants to know the



Booth: Was
wrong man

hunted down?

theory "wacko."

"But ... as wacko as people think this theory is, it's stronger than the evidence used in (Lee Harvey) Oswald's exhumation," Zaid said.

British author Michael Eddowes tried to prove that an imposter was buried in Oswald's grave. A 1981 exhumation proved that Eddowes was mistaken.

identity of the person buried in the family plot at Green Mount Cemetery in Baltimore. The family is not interested in conspiracy theories, Zaid said.

Zaid called the Booth

FWNS 10-25-94

Remains of Lincoln's Assassin Can't Be Identified, Expert Says

BALTIMORE, May 20 (Reuters) — An expert who has exhumed bodies to solve some of the most grisly mysteries in American history has told a judge that John Wilkes Booth should stay in his presumed grave.

Descendants of Mr. Booth have petitioned Judge Joseph H. H. Kaplan of Baltimore Circuit Court to allow the remains to be dug up and examined to determine if they are really those of the man who shot President Abraham Lincoln more than 130 years ago.

But the expert, James Starrs, a law professor at George Washington University, who exhumed bodies to determine if Lizzie Borden "gave her mother 40 whacks" with an ax and to see if Alferd Packer ate the flesh of five prospectors in Colorado, said there would be little point in digging up the Booth family plot.

"DNA testing would be unsuccessful" in proving the identity, Professor Starrs said, because a female descendant of Booth's mother would be needed to carry it out, and no one knows if such a person exists.

In more than three hours of testimony this week, Professor Starrs explained in detail why the disinterment would not resolve the question of whether Booth escaped after the assassination, as some historians contend, and someone else was buried in his family's plot in Baltimore's Green Mount Cemetery.

Jeremy Friedberg, a lawyer representing proponents of the disinterment, disparaged Professor Starrs as unqualified to make such a judgment. Mr. Friedberg told the judge that the professor once boasted he ate a breakfast of eggs and bacon on Ernest Hemingway's grave.

Professor Starrs admitted that and also that he once wore a T-shirt adorned with skeletons and the slogan "Give Me 5" while digging up the burlap-wrapped bodies of Packers' victims in Colorado. He also admitted sleeping beside the body parts of Dr. Carl Weiss, the man

accused of assassinating Gov. Huey P. Long of Louisiana, which he had carefully laid out on a bed in his hotel room. Asked how he had managed to sleep with the remains, Mr. Starrs said, "They were resting in pieces, weren't they?"

"I do have a whimsical nature," Mr. Starrs said in a courtroom packed with historians, distant Booth relatives and reporters.

One of the historians in court was James O. Hall, 82, also one of three authors of a book about the assassination, "Come Retribution" (University Press of Mississippi, 1988). Professor Hall said he would tell the judge that the theories that Booth escaped are "utter nonsense."

The instigators of the move to unearth the remains — Nathaniel Orlowek, a high school teacher in Potomac, Md., and Arthur Ben Chitty, who teaches at the University of the South in Tennessee — are planning to outline why they believe Booth did escape and lived for 38 years after the 1865 assassination, killing himself in Enid, Okla.

Frank Gorman, who represents the cemetery, which opposes the exhumation, told the judge that Mr. Orlowek and Mr. Chitty were "obsessed people" who based their case on what he called a 1907 hoax by a man named Fennis Bates, who wrote a book saying that a mummy he was selling was the body of Booth.

The traditional version of events has Booth, an actor who believed in slavery and hated Lincoln for ending it, sneaking into the Presidential box during a performance at Ford's Theater in Washington and shooting the President in the head. Booth then leaped onto the stage, breaking his leg, but still managing to get out the door, jump on a horse and escape, aided by conspirators.

Twelve days later, Union troops shot and killed a man identified as Booth when he refused to surrender at Bowling Green, Va., about 90 miles south of Washington.

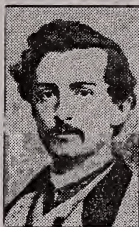
NUT 1995

FWJG 6-5-96

Booth will stay buried at gravesite

Combined news services

BALTIMORE — John Wilkes Booth will remain firmly planted in Green Mount Cemetery, the Court



Booth

of Special Appeals said Tuesday in rejecting a request to dig up President Lincoln's assassin.

"That's delightful..." said William C. Trimble, president of the Baltimore cemetery. "Let us

hope the matter will now requiescat in pace."

But the ruling is not likely to end the historical controversy over the grave, which, some claim, holds the body of another man.

"The Booth family is very disappointed, as should be any serious student of American history," said Mark S. Zaid, lawyer for distant Booth relatives who sought the exhumation.

Kin seek to exhume assassin's brother's body

By Travis Andersen

Globe Staff / December 24, 2010

The woman believed to be the closest living relative of presidential assassin John Wilkes Booth hopes to exhume the remains of his brother at a Cambridge cemetery to help determine if the man who shot Abraham Lincoln is buried in a family plot in Baltimore, as claimed, she and her lawyer said yesterday.

The woman — Lois Trebisacci, 60, of Westerly, R.I. — identified herself yesterday as the great-great-great granddaughter of legendary actor Edwin Booth, the trigger man's brother. He died in 1893 and is buried at Mount Auburn Cemetery in Cambridge.

She said by phone that the family may be able to compare Edwin Booth's DNA to remains of the man believed to be John Wilkes Booth, located in the National Museum of Health and Medicine in Washington, D.C., and the Mutter Museum in Philadelphia.

If there is a DNA match, said Trebisacci, the family would know that John Wilkes Booth is buried in a family plot in Green Mount Cemetery in Baltimore. Family members could then dismiss the theory that he escaped after shooting Lincoln in 1865 and lived under an assumed name for decades, she said.

"I just feel we have a right to know who's buried there," she said.

Neither Trebisacci nor the family have filed any requests to exhume the body in Cambridge. A spokeswoman for Mount Auburn Cemetery could not be reached for comment yesterday.

In 1995, a judge in Baltimore denied her request to exhume the remains of the man believed to be John Wilkes Booth in an effort to confirm his identity, her attorney, Mark Zaid of Washington, said yesterday. He said the cemetery objected to an exhumation, even though he had secured permission from 26 living relatives.

"The family was as much interested in disproving [the escape] theory as they were in proving it," he said by phone.

Zaid said he plans to contact Mount Auburn about the possibility of an exhumation early in the new year.

Nate Orlowek, 53, of Silver Spring, Md., said by phone that he has spent his entire adult life researching the theory that the assassin escaped from custody and died in Oklahoma in 1903.

He said he appeared on the television program "Unsolved Mysteries" in 1991 with Arthur Ben Chitty, a former historiographer at the University of the South in Sewanne, Tenn., to discuss the case. Chitty has since died.

Orlowek said there is strong evidence that Booth escaped capture, including eyewitness descriptions of the body later said to be Booth's that contradicted descriptions of the assassin in life. He said he believes the real Booth confessed to the killing to his friend and attorney, Finis Bates, in Texas in 1877.

Bates published "Escape and suicide of John Wilkes Booth" in 1907, a purported account of that confession, according to the Library of Congress.

Orlowek and Trebisacci said a program exploring the escape theory was scheduled to air last night at 10 on the History Channel.

Orlowek said he was interviewed for the segment and was pleased to see renewed interest in the case.

"I'm the troublemaker," he said. "I'm the person who's been behind this all along for 37 years."

Booth's Burial.

On Wednesday afternoon, February 10, in company with Mr. Geo. Seabert I visited Mr. Henry W. Means in Baltimore, Maryland. He will be ninety years of age on next Christmas (1935). His mind is keen and he appeared to be in the best of health. He told many incidents of his early days, and when he lived close to the people of Golden Route Booth. He said he played in amateur theatricals with John Wilkes Booth.

Mr. [unclear] is an undertaker by profession and
has followed this all his life. He remembers distinctly
removing the bodies of certain members of the Booth
family from the old Baltimore Cemetery to the
Greenwood Cemetery and claims that John Willis
Booth was interred with other members of the
family. He says that John Willis ^{Booth} family
tomb stones were inscribed in Hebrew and he
had the inscriptions translated into English when
restored. He also claims that it was
proven in the trial of the family that that up and
should be buried in the lot who did not have
Booth blood in him. This kept out the wife of
[unclear] at

At the request of the family no
headstone was placed over the body &
John walks by it and in 30 days says
he knows the exact spot of the body
in the lot but is now bound not to
disclose it. He relates how a newspaper
man attempted to take a picture of the
grave stone on one occasion and was
warned not to do it but attempted to
have the guards attention attracted, but was
discovered and his camera smashed.
Mr Codd will not allow the grave to be
photographed.

On Wednesday Feb 10 after visiting Mr
meads visited the Ballinger family with
Mr Clutter and very much surprised that the
old Booth lot was sold to George Bowers-
schmidt. The houses of Quenenschen were
shown but not fairly, from when purchased by
Bowerschmidt. sold the lot to George Schuchhardt^{is}
July 1915. and it is now marked with his
name. Lot designated as 10 Center 1. and
is the north lot from the entrance to the
cemetery on the left side of the right hand
drive. The present superintendent who has been
there for fully years never heard of Booth family grave.
and the Book shows now record of John with Booth family

On Tuesday February 9 inside the Green
wood cemetery with Mr. Chandler, and was
taken to the Bock Cot by Mr. O'Sell the
superintendent of the cemetery. The Bock ~~stone~~
family, tomb stone bears ~~these~~ these names
on the back.

" To the / memory of / the children of / James
Bock / and / Mary Ann / Bock /
John Wilkes / Frederick / Elizabeth / Mary Ann /
Henry Byron / Joseph C. "

Went to Mrs O'Jell's office at the
census and there the following names from
the original Sub. used at time of interview

No 16821

" February 18 1869

Permit to enter the body of a Wilkes Booth
murderer from Baltimore (murderer)
Washington D. C. John H. Weaver vault
charge J. H. W. "

~~also another card entry as follows.~~

" February 17 1869. I visited Booth murderer from
Washington D. C. "

No 560 Baltimore Md. Feb 18 1869 Body John
Wilkes Booth taken out June 26, 1869 age 27 years \$8.00 paid

Permit 16821

Feb. 18, 1869

Mr. J. H. Weaver for J. W. Booth

Digging 1 grave lot 9, 10	4.00
250 Bricks	6.25
7 feet stone slabe to cover	5.63
Depositing in vault	5.00
Bill for caring for lot	<u>5.00</u>
	25.88

Office of Supt. Green Mount Cemetery, Baltimore, May 25, 1869⁹²

The remains of J. Wilkes Booth were interred in this cemetery in February or March 1869 being brought from Washington, D.C. by Jno. H. Weaver, undertaker.

Alex Russell
Foreman

